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N CLEGG BOOTH,
EMPERANCE ADVOCATE.

A BIOGRAPHY.

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Oct 21 1874

A
BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH
OF
JOHN CLEGG BOOTH,

Late Temperance Advocate, York.

BY
J. S. BALMER,

Minister of the Gospel, Manchester.

~~~~~  
"Cernimus enim nunc per speculum in enigmate; tunc autem  
facie ad faciem."  
~~~~~

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DEDICATION.



TO YOU—the Devoted Friends
of true Temperance, the self-
denying Workers for God
and man, the Pioneers of our
Nation's freedom from the thral-
dom of Intemperance, whom I
know to be brave and loving-
hearted, the old Companions of
John Clegg Booth, and the be-
loved Agents of the British Tem-
perance League—I dedicate this
Volume.

J. S. B.

P R E F A C E .

The Author has been conscious of many difficulties in his endeavour to furnish, within a limited space, a faithful account of Mr. Booth's life and labours. A measure of embarrassment originated in the unwillingness of a few persons to furnish such interesting facts as were connected with their own localities; and to a considerable degree I have been impeded by a multiplicity of other claims upon my time and strength; in addition to which some perplexity has arisen from inexperience in this kind of composition. But these obstacles I have confronted with firmness, and, in the circumstances, done my best to produce a plain, interesting, and truthful sketch of him whose life, rich in good deeds, deserved a more efficient pen. I cheerfully acknowledge great indebtedness to Mrs. Booth, Mr. F. Atkin, and those gentlemen whose beautiful tributes enhance so much the value of this sketch.

Probably some defects in my performance will be readily detected. I am prepared to bear adverse criticism, only let the critic's pen be wielded by a competent hand, and in a spirit of fair play. Alexander Pope says, in the preface to his printed works—"In this office of collecting my pieces, I am altogether uncertain whether to look upon myself as a man building a

monument, or burying the dead. . . . If this publication be only a more solemn funeral of my remains, I desire it may be known that I die in charity, and in my senses ; without any murmurs against the justice of this age, or any mad appeals to posterity. . . . I was never so concerned about my works as to vindicate them in print ; believing, if anything was good, it would defend itself, and what was bad could never be defended." These are sensible words. They disarm criticism, and leave no retreat for such as Cowper describes in *The Progress of Error* :—

“ Like trout pursued, the critic in despair,
Darts to the mud, and finds his safety there.”

Happily for me, the success of this undertaking is secured by the intrinsic worth of the subject treated, and by the public interest felt therein ; so that without fear, either of the critical or the non-critical, I present this small volume to the public eye. As Pope erected a lasting monument, rather than dug a grave, so will I venture to regard this humble effort as monumental, and not sepulchral ; without in the least pretending—need I say ?—to place my monument side-by-side with his.

I have tried to avoid the responsibility of writing this biography, but a sense of duty to Mr. Booth's memory, to the cause of temperance, and to the wishes of some valued friends, who thought I ought to do it, brought me back to my task whenever I attempted to throw aside my pen.

The reader will be disappointed if he come to these pages expecting to find the excitement of adventure,

or to peruse the story of a reclaimed drunkard, whose frequent aberrations have proclaimed his folly and sin ; but if he look for the history of a man whose life was one of elevated virtue and generous self-denial, who eloquently strove to win the fallen to purity and God—who spoke with holy indignation against vice of every kind, and set an example of industry, perseverance, honour, and piety, worthy of universal imitation—then can he have no disappointment.

It was my early purpose to publish only a lecture, but, upon further reflection, I resolved to issue a biography in the present form. In proceeding with the work, I have learnt that it is almost as difficult to write a good life as to live one. However, both the life of J. C. Booth and this effort to write it are now finished—whether well or ill the execution, the end is reached. I now commend my biographical sketch to the Author of all good, and entreat Him to make it an unmixed blessing.

My dear reader, a part of our life yet remains to be helped or hindered, after which will come the final reckoning, when we must give an account of our stewardship. May the remembrance of Mr. Booth's devoted labours ever be an incentive to the faithful discharge of all life's duties ; may the recollection of that Divine grace by which he was sustained in his last mortal strife cheer and comfort our hearts in the prospect of death ; and may it be our joy, at length, to meet him where sacred friendships shall be renewed and eternal !

MANCHESTER, *April*, 1874.

Prolegomena.

BIOGRAPHICAL studies cannot be otherwise than useful when undertaken with a desire for self-improvement. They enlarge our views of men, give us more correct ideas of human nature, and help us to tread life's rugged path with a firmer foot. Considered in view of this fact, the first man and woman were placed at a great disadvantage. He had no fatherly footsteps in which he might tread, nor any brotherly example to imitate ;—and she was without a mother's kiss or counsel, without a sister's love or companionship. We are not so unaided. If there is an evil momentum in our nature, there are likewise numerous heroic lives before us, pointing to the good and the true, whilst here and there the heeded beacon awakens cautious thought and careful step.

The subject of this life-story happily is not a glaring beacon, but a steady upward light, which we may follow with assurance of safety. Some men pass through the world as a bird through the air or a ship through the sea: they leave no impression behind them,—no “footprints on the sands of time.” Others, on the contrary, give new directions to the human family; they enlarge the fields of science, extend the

boundaries of literature, and promote civilization in every quarter of the globe ; they create history, and impress their image on the world's mind. Strictly speaking, Mr. Booth cannot be taken for a type of either class. His course of life was not quiet and unimpressive, but sufficiently demonstrative to attract public attention, and influential enough to change many a man's destiny. Yet he was not seen in the world's high places ; his sphere of labour lay, for the most part, amongst the toiling masses of our population ; his heart was set on the promotion of human culture, happiness, and prosperity. His name will go onward in the lists of pure philanthropy and untarnished Christian nobility, whilst the deep impress of his noble-heartedness will long remain on many loving spirits. As now we gather to plant our weeping willow over his newly-made grave, let us recount a few epochs in his eventful and useful life.



BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF JOHN CLEGG BOOTH.

CHAPTER I.

CHILDHOOD AND YOUTH.

“This is the bud of being, the dim dawn,
The twilight of our day, the vestibule.”—YOUNG.

The birth of a child is a common event, and we are often too much occupied to give a welcome to the new visitant. We are busy with men, and therefore cannot listen to the cry of childhood. And yet the advent of a child may be a greater thing than the birth of a world! Though compared with the sun, or even the mountain, at whose foot its parents reside, that child may be small and feeble indeed, yet it may live to look down on the sun itself when it has spent its fires, and may dwell as a companion of the Creator when from before His presence the earth and the heavens shall have fled away! Let us never despise a child.

We are not aware that anything special marked the first appearance of J. C. Booth in this busy world. Sometimes interesting incidents add a charm to childhood. The Rev. George Gilfillan, in his “History of

a Man," says, "A little girl of four, whom I knew right well, was lately overheard by her father soliloquising thus to herself about a younger brother, whose pet name was Dirrley: 'There'll, may be, be more Dirrleys yet; but *I'm born*, at any rate—yes, *I'm born!*' She felt this to be a great fact, and that no succeeding arrivals could interfere with the truth that *she* had come upon the stage,—had got and was to keep the start. It was the queerest assertion of individuality and independence I ever heard of." There were sisters astir in Booth's early home before he had appeared. Whether they mourned or rejoiced at his advent we are unable to say, but they soon found him a brother every way worthy of them—one who acted well his brotherly part—and we now know, on irrefragable evidence, that his presence was helpful to the world's good, and a foe to the world's evil. To such births as his, all hail!

John Clegg Booth was a Yorkshireman. He was born at Adwalton, in the parish of Birstal, four miles east of Bradford, in the West Riding of the county, on the 28th of March, 1819. *Bell's Gazetteer* states that a battle was fought on Adwalton Moor, in 1642, between the Earl of Newcastle and the Parliamentary forces under Fairfax, in which the latter was defeated. Probably it would add to the interest of this narrative if we could relate some daring exploits of Mr. Booth's forefathers, or set forth their patriotic deeds in that memorable battle. But there is nothing of it in the family records, nor can this be regretted. We have learned to admire other patriots than wielders of the

sword, and to honour other heroes than such as come from cruel, blood-stained battle-fields. We honour the heroes of industry, the moral champions and the intellectual conquerors of our age. We honour the woman who bravely toils in the obscurity of her family as a 'help meet' to her industrious husband, and who uses her best endeavour to give to society virtuous sons and daughters. We call those heroes who stand by the right and the true in the hour of strong temptation; and we deem them worthy patriots who self-denyingly and courageously labour to relieve our national heart of every incubus which presses upon its healthy activity. And we speak lovingly of the earnest men who labour through good and evil report to free us from our national drink-curse. This is our heaviest burden; to-day it crushes thousands down, sad and sinning, down to the dust—to perdition. We welcome all true workers whose well-directed efforts give hope for the future welfare of our people. How can the nation rise to its heaven-appointed elevation so long as the people are ground down, imprisoned, or hanged, as the victims of this ceaseless and relentless destroyer? Bold and persistent workers—ye who are united to destroy the drink-demon—be ye our heroes! We will greet you as friends of human kind, as brave warriors; although the weapons of your warfare are other than carnal, they shall be mighty in the destruction of Satan's strongholds.

Mr. Booth's family followed peaceful industries. His father was a farmer at Adwalton. In his boyhood, Booth assisted him on the farm. There being a

large family to support, all hands needed to be busy. It has been said that "more true greatness comes from the cottage than the palace," and certainly it is in the humbler walks of life that we often find the men of genius—the moving and guiding spirits of their age, in whom and through whom heaven carries on and perfects its grandest, mightiest purposes. Carlyle, in the first volume of his *Essays*, treating of one who loves literature, says, "Sufficiently provided for from within, he has need of little from without: food and raiment, and an unviolated home, will be given him in the rudest land; and with these, while the kind earth is round him, and the everlasting heaven is over him, the world has little more that it can give. Is he poor? So also were Homer and Socrates; so was Samuel Johnson; so was John Milton. Shall we reproach him with his poverty, and say that, because he is poor, he must likewise be worthless? God forbid that the time should ever come when he too shall esteem riches the synonym of good!" These are wise words; let them be well pondered. We do not intend to teach that wealth is a barrier to manliness, to patriotism, to public duty; but we would be understood to teach that neither is poverty an insurmountable barrier in the way of these. The pulpits of Scotland are largely supplied by preachers who have cleared the farm fence for the university, and who, for industry, mental power, and Christian fidelity, will compare favourably with the ministry of any people on the face of the earth. On this Adwalton farm we may find sterling manhood and Christian integrity. Let us look.

Young Booth did not, like the Scottish youths, leave his early home for a university, but to engage in more humble pursuits. When about fourteen years of age, he was apprenticed to a tailor at Gomersal, a village near Adwalton. Unfortunately for the boy, his master had contracted habits of intemperance. In the discharge of their every-day duties, they were often called to work at private houses, and, in not a few instances, at public-houses. This placed Booth in great danger. The situation, however, was not without some advantages. The man who went to work at that time as a tailor in a country house was regarded as a kind of news-vendor for the parish ; he was looked up to by the labouring classes as a man of more than ordinary position and influence, and became, in fact, a connecting link between the different families in the neighbourhood where he lived. And certain it is these travelling tailors have given to the nation some honoured names. Booth does not appear to have stayed longer than two years with this intemperate master, who, while leading the boy from place to place, led him also into the way of temptation. Of this master it is related that he continued his drinking habits until he died of *delirium tremens*. There is an interesting incident worthy of record, as showing young Booth's early insight of the danger of the drinking customs. Mr. William Haigh, a zealous temperance worker at Birkenshaw, who knew Mr. Booth from the time he was thirteen years of age till his death, tells us, " Mr. Booth's master often spoke to me, at the latter part of his time, about his first apprentice, John Clegg Booth, and wished he had taken

the advice of the apprentice lad." This evinces the boy's convictions, and shows that at so early an age his mind was active for good. We behold the boy teaching the man how to live, and that man his master ! Who does not see that there lay deep in the youth those principles which should form the basis of his character and labours in days to come ? Here is an illustration of the maxim that " The child is father to the man."

On leaving this man's service, at the end of two years, Booth returned home, where for a time he remained, assisting his father on the farm. There were, however, several reasons which made it desirable that he should leave home again to learn more fully the business on which he had entered at Gomersal ; he therefore removed to Bradford. Here he bound himself an apprentice to a clothier of respectable position. It was his privilege to live for some years in this place with a temperate and pious family ; and this, doubtless, was very helpful to him. It is pleasing to learn, on good authority, that whilst in Bradford, Booth " served his time with great satisfaction to all concerned." It is evident he had, by God's blessing, escaped the snares which at a previous period were on his path. How much is due to early training, and to the impressions made on our young life, in the determination of our weal or woe ! And how much depends upon the moral stamina within us in youth as to what we become in after years ! The young should well consider this. " These bright days of youth are the seed-time. Every thought of your intellect, every emotion

of your heart, every word of your tongue, every principle you adopt, every act you perform, is a seed, whose good or evil fruit will be the bliss or bane of your after-time. As is the seed, so will be the crop. Indulge your appetites, gratify your passions, neglect your intellect, foster wrong principles, cherish habits of idleness, vulgarity, dissipation, and in the after years of manhood you will reap a plentiful crop of corruption, shame, degradation, and remorse ; and it may be,

‘ Year by year alone
Sit brooding in the ruins of a life,
Nightmare of youth, the spectre of *yourself*.’

But if you control your appetites, subdue your passions, firmly adopt and rigidly practice right principles, form habits of purity, propriety, sobriety, and diligence, your harvest will be one of honour, health, happiness ; and,

‘ After time,
And that full voice which circles round the grave,
Will rank you nobly.’

Great responsibilities stand in the passages of every-day life. Great dangers lie hidden in the by-paths of life's great highway ; and syrens, whose song is as charming as the voice of Calypso, are there to allure you to destruction. Great uncertainty hangs over your future history. God has given you existence, with full power and opportunity to improve it, and be happy. He has given you equal power to despise the gift, and be wretched. Which you will do, is the grand problem to be solved by your choice and conduct.” Which course Mr. Booth pursued, we know

quite well. But the fruit of his early sowing must be looked for in the gathering of his late years. "Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap." If the young sow 'wild oats,' they must reap 'wild oats.' Our friend's sowing and reaping were of another kind.



CHAPTER II.

THE RISE OF TEMPERANCE.

“ Watchman ! tell us of the night,
What its signs of promise are.—
Clothed in panoply of light,
See, that glorious Temperance Star !
Watchman ! does its beauteous ray
Aught of hope or joy foretell ?
Traveller ! yes, it brings the day
That shall burst the drunkard’s spell ! ”

The rise of the Temperance enterprise in the third decade of the present century, formed an important epoch in the history of our country. The far-reaching influences of this movement are beyond all human calculation, and generations yet to come will rejoice in its triumphs. One of the highly interesting features of this enterprise was seen in its power to awaken the thoughtful attention of obscure but potent intellects ; intellects which were destined by Providence to engage in this work, worthy of man’s best talents ; to champion the movement, which should daily increase in force until the fetters of our drink-slaves should be snapped asunder, and our drink-blighted nation be brought into everlasting harmony with the music of the spheres ! By this time there is a long roll of honoured names—names which shall ever adorn our national

escutcheon, and the memory of which shall be as ointment poured forth.

What marvellous changes have spread over Great Britain since the inauguration of the Temperance movement! Then, little was known of railways—we travelled by coach or canal, by carrier's cart or pack-horse; then, letters were few and far between, there were no penny postage stamps or halfpenny post cards; and, as for telegrams at a shilling each, why, the thing had not even entered the minds of the most active visionaries; then, the tax on the people's Bread and the people's Bible had not been repealed, and starving multitudes wandered, with fierce hunger, about our lanes and streets! Then, little boys were driven up suffocating flues or burning chimneys, to sweep them, and little girls were compelled to work from twelve to fifteen hours a day, and sometimes during the night, in ill-ventilated factories; whilst women, married and unmarried, worked like slaves in the coal mines. Then, the long and glorious reign of Queen Victoria had not commenced. There was no National Education Act; ignorance and misery abounded, wages were low, and the people poor, whilst political liberty was denied them. This condition of the nation called forth the following remarks from Sydney Smith: "There is, no doubt, more misery and acute suffering among the mass of the people of England, than there is in any kingdom in the world. There are thousands, homeless, breadless, friendless, without shelter, raiment, or hope; millions uneducated, only half fed, driven to crime and every species of vice which ignorance and

destitution bring in their train, to an extent utterly unknown to the less enlightened, the less free, the less favoured, and the less powerful kingdoms of Europe ; but really they are illiterate, and to say the truth, are sometimes not very civil when they have wanted bread for only two or three days."

Then, intemperance prevailed amongst all classes of the community, the clergy not excepted. In *Cassell's History of England*, vol. 3, p. 352, it is said, "Intoxication was the most frequent charge against the clergy. One was so drunk while waiting for a funeral, that he fell into the grave ! another was conveyed away from a visitation dinner in a helpless state by the bishop's own servants ; and a third replied to a rebuke, saying, ' But, my lord, I never was drunk on duty.' " And at this period the adage held true, " Like priest like people," for from the duke to the beggar drunkenness had spread ; in fact, it had become a disgrace to the English nation. It was high time for something to be done. And although we mournfully admit that there is an immense amount of drinking in our country still, and while we do not by any means credit the Temperance movement with all the improvements which have of late taken place, yet it will not be denied that a large share of true national progress is due to its splendid achievements. Strong Temperance truth has stood like a mighty breakwater to check the furious billows which hastened to overwhelm us, whilst thousands of our population, rescued and preserved by its heaven-sent strength, have risen to happiness, eminence, and honour.

That the fierce drink-flood yet rolls over our families, withering their hopes, breaking in upon their moral safety, and doing worse than still their life-pulses, we are compelled with grief to acknowledge ; but we do not admit that this is the fault of Temperance men. No. They have toiled ceaselessly amid contumely and scorn to secure to their children a sober and happy country ; whilst the smart pen has “backed up the pencil’s laugh,” they have not hesitated as to their plain duty ; nor will they ever. The day shall yet dawn when a deriding people and a sneering press shall do justice to this movement, even as the poet of Punch was compelled to do homage beside the corpse of Abraham Lincoln, one of the noblest sons of America, and a man who had endured great reproach and infamous slander, but whose courage never failed, and whose faith in God made him immovable as the eternal granite. This poet felt humbled beside the fallen chieftain—felt that in writing of him he had been only a “scurril-jester.” Now, he writes with other ink, such sentiments as do him honour :—

“ Beside this corpse, that bears for winding-sheet
The Stars and Stripes he lived to rear anew,
Between the mourners at his head and feet,
Say, scurril-jester, is there room for *you* ?
Yes, he had lived to shame me for my sneer,
To lame my pencil and confute my pen ;
To make me own this hind of princes peer,
This rail-splitter a true-born king of men.”

And so some pen shall one day do the same justice to the valiant patriots whose constant aim has been to remove for ever the dire curse of England’s drink-

slavery. But what a pity, and what a shame, that the hour of our nation's freedom should be kept back by base passion, self-interest, and stupid prejudice! It does not admit of a moment's doubt that in the principles of Temperance lies the deliverance of our besotted and miserable population. National abstinence from manufacturing, selling, and drinking of intoxicants would assuredly be followed by national sobriety, peace and prosperity. Would that the people were wise enough to accept this safe and easy remedy. If they will not have this, well, then, alas! they must have something else. As for us, we feel quite certain that the drink-evil in this nation *must* either be firmly grappled with and destroyed, or it will destroy our security and glory.

In volume 53 of the *Edinburgh Review* occurs the following passage :—"The pretty fable by which the Duchess of Orleans illustrates the character of her son the regent, might, with little change, be applied to Byron. All the fairies save one had been bidden to his cradle. All the gossips had been profuse of their gifts. One had bestowed nobility, another genius, a third beauty. The malignant elf who had not been invited, came last, and, unable to reverse what her sisters had done for their favourite, had mixed up a curse with every blessing. In the rank of Lord Byron, in his understanding, in his very person, there was a strange union of opposite extremes. He was born to all that men covet and admire. But in every one of those eminent advantages which he possessed over others, there was mingled something of misery and debase-

ment." This is strikingly true of England. It has been "born to all that men covet and admire," but in everything there is "mingled something of misery and debasement"—this malignant drink-elf mars our beauty and happiness, it is the curse in our social, political, and ecclesiastical life. Out, then, with the malignant elf! and let every honest tongue cry "Out with it!" Who dare declare that the Temperance battallions came one moment too soon to our nation's rescue? No. Not too soon. Already the stones had begun to cry out!

As early as the first quarter of this century, several societies were founded at various independent points in the United States of North America; and about the year 1826, the conviction and feeling thus indicated became organised at Boston into the American Temperance Society, with a pledge of entire abstinence from spirits. By the year 1829, many thousands of drunkards had been reclaimed by this movement, based upon a declaration or pledge, and the unwonted intelligence naturally excited great interest amongst the philanthropists of Europe. The consequence was, that in the next two years, or between 1828 and 1830, chiefly through the earnest efforts of the Rev. G. Carr, of New Ross; the Rev. John Edgar, D.D., of Belfast; Mr. John Dunlop, of Greenock; Mr. W. Collins, of Glasgow; and Mr. Beaumont, surgeon, of Bradford, this new agency of reform was introduced into various parts of Ireland, England, and Scotland. A certain amount of good was done, especially amongst grog-drinkers of the middle class, but comparatively few

drunkards were reclaimed. It was soon perceived that, owing to the fact of English drunkenness arising mainly from *beer*, the American pledge was deficient and nationally inapplicable, besides involving, in the permission of the use of wine, an inconsistency which destroyed the moral power of its advocates. 'The rich can drink their strong wines,' said the people; 'why cannot the poor man enjoy his gin?' It was felt that the pledge must be extended to every agency of enslavement, and include abstinence from spirits, wine, malt-liquor, and cider. This social necessity led to an inquiry into the chemistry of the question, and investigation speedily revealed the fact that 'alcohol' was the real agent of mischief in all these drinks, however disguised under various mixtures, adulterations, and names. (See *Meliora*, vol. 7.)

Intelligent, earnest, and sound social reformers soon saw the necessity of laying a solid basis on which to rear an abiding Temperance—wise builders must have a rock for a foundation. The 23rd of August, 1832, is memorable on account of a pledge drawn out and signed by Joseph Livesey and John King, both of whom have faithfully adhered to it, and have thereby become hale and hearty examples of its virtue. As the months rolled on, many other names were added to the total abstinence pledge, amongst whom was the famous "Dicky Turner," who was reclaimed from drunkenness about this time, and who first applied the word "teetotal," to express that entire abstinence which had been proved to be so necessary to his own safety and that of his class. Since then, that word

has been used synonymously with the word temperance, and it is as the equivalent of teetotalism that we use the term temperance in these pages.

It would be a difficult, if not an impossible undertaking to trace the present broad, clear stream of temperance to its rilly tributaries in the hills of history, but our purpose is not to write even an historical outline of the great movement, and therefore we do not require the moral courage to face the difficulty. It is worthy of some consideration, however, that the honour of originating, and for a time of sustaining, this movement belonged to a few men in Preston. These men were not content, as too many have been, to hold unprofitable discussions about the fall of man, and the devil in Eden, while an infernal brood scattered firebrands and death in their own town and country. They felt that their duty was plain, that they must confront the devilism of their own times, and by God's help expel the whole legion of drink-demons from their haunts in this nation. It was a vast undertaking, but their zealous efforts have achieved grand results. Prominent among the pioneers were James Teare and Joseph Livesey. They were men of a different type; each had his peculiar style, but both were needed. Teare was bold and declamatory, with the utmost plainness of speech hurling defiance at evil doers. He exposed the abominations of the traffic in drink, and at the same time insisted upon teetotalism as the means of freedom from the curse of drunkenness. He drew illustrations largely from the Old Testament Scriptures when ex-

hibiting the immoralities of the traffic. He was familiar with those terms about "Og, King of Bashan," and that "infamous Jezebel." He unmasked the iniquities of the drinking system most mercilessly, and insisted upon abstinence from all intoxicating liquors as a Christian duty.

It ought to be borne in mind that as yet these men could not be expected to dwell so much on the blessings of temperance as on the miseries of drinking; their remedy was new and somewhat startling, and they needed time in which to proceed with an induction of facts. But on the drinking side the evil was too plain, and no time could be lost—something must be done. They soon found that facts in favour of their theory and philosophy of abstinence speedily increased, and before long multitudes united with them to thank God for the boon of temperance. Teare's rugged eloquence was just of the kind to arouse public attention to the wide-spread desolation produced by the immoral traffic, which had so long been allowed to despoil the Church and curse the Nation. Nor were his speeches wanting in occasional dry humour, and they always contained a substratum of sound common sense. Teare was made eminently useful. Though his manly speeches raised many a storm of mockery and cruel persecution, yet he nobly held on his way until he had borne the banner of teetotalism through every county in England, besides many other parts of the United Kingdom. He was possessed of a little eccentricity, which sometimes marred his usefulness; but he had strong faith in God, and God's truth, and whenever he had an

opportunity, preached of "righteousness, temperance, and a judgment to come." We have known it stated by an intelligent preacher of the Gospel that James Teare preached the clearest and most powerful sermon on "Justification by faith" that ever he heard in his life. Nor was the gentleman who made this statement swayed by temperance proclivities, for, unhappily, he was not a temperance man. Love to God and man alone can account for James Teare's persistent labours amid persecutions, weariness, and long travel. This brave worker—often called "Honest James Teare"—is now dead, but God still carries on his work.

Joseph Livesey is yet alive, and covered with honour. About fourteen years ago, we spent a night at his house, which overlooked Windermere Lake, after delivering a lecture at Bowness. He occupied the chair on that occasion, and his opening speech was a clear enunciation of the old temperance basis, being directed to show that moderate drinking could never serve as a remedy for our national drunkenness. But it was after the meeting, in the genial retreat of his home, that Mr. Livesey recounted many of the incidents connected with his early struggles. He was eloquent on the Preston men. He told how, night after night, they travelled to the neighbouring towns, where, in the open air, or in some public room, they called attention to England's greatest enemy, which was like the pestilence walking in darkness, and the destruction that wasteth at noon-day. He told with fervour of manner about the methods of attack, the tactics of the opposition, and the wonderful progress

of true temperance. That night at Bowness will long be remembered.

Mr. Livesey often lectured on malt-liquor, and once it was our pleasure to hear him, in the Town Hall, at Kendal. His statements were clear and forcible, his appeals earnest and convincing. His plan was to take a pint of malt-liquor and analyse it. This done, he sent the solid part amongst his auditory, that each might have a taste of the nauseating stuff. The alcohol he burned on a plate, in view of the people, at the same time telling them of its evil effects on the bodies and minds of drinkers. The lecture, with its accompanying experiments, was impressive and convincing. The delivery of this lecture in various places did much good, and it is now very useful in its printed form.

The name of Joseph Livesey will ever be prominent in the annals of our movement. If we may be allowed to express it, we have but one regret regarding him, and it is that of late years he has taken so decided a stand against the United Kingdom Alliance for the suppression of the liquor traffic. We do not suspect his sincerity, but we doubt his wisdom. It has ever seemed to us that we must insist on moral suasion for the drinker, and prohibition for the seller. We could wish to have Mr. Livesey's full concurrence in our political action, but if he withholds it, we shall still toil on for the entire suppression of the nefarious traffic. At the same time we wish for Mr. Livesey God's richest consolation, and in the end "fulness of joy."

CHAPTER III.

MR. BOOTH'S INTRODUCTION TO TEMPERANCE.

“O fool! to think God hates the worthy mind,
The lover and the love of human kind,
Whose life is healthful, and whose conscience clear,
Because he wants a thousand pounds a year.
Honour and shame from no condition rise;
Act well your part, there all the honour lies.”—POPE.

At the commencement of the temperance reformation, the attack was made, as we have seen, chiefly against ardent spirits, whilst wine and beer were allowed in moderate quantities. It soon became evident, however, that alcohol was the common enemy in all these drinks—that men often got drunk on wine, beer, and cider, as well as by drinking ardent spirits; that, in fact, the only sound principle upon which the crusade against the drink-system could be conducted was by insisting upon total abstinence from all kinds of alcoholic liquors. During the agitation of this question, Mr. Booth resided in Bradford. He attended the meetings of the “Old Temperance Society,” which allowed its members to drink beer, wine, and cider in moderation. But in 1835, Mr. Booth heard Joseph Vesey deliver his “malt-liquor” lecture, and at its

close signed the pledge of total abstinence from every kind of intoxicating drink. He continued faithful to this pledge.

About the year 1843, he held what were regarded at that time as strong opinions on the medical and sacramental questions, and took a leading part in promoting the disuse of alcohol in disease, and the substitution of grape wine in the place of fermented and brandied port, then generally in use at the Lord's table. He signed the full pledge, and his name stands number one on the books of the "Long Pledge Teetotal" Association," Bradford, formed in 1843. To promote the spread of his views on these aspects of the question, he visited many of the towns and villages in the North of England; and at this period we appear to have the beginnings of that course of life to which subsequently he consecrated his talents.

We ought here to observe that shortly after Mr. Booth had finished his apprenticeship, he married, and began business on his own account, in Bradford. He had not, however, continued long in business when his temperance friends pressed him to devote the whole of his time to the advocacy of the question. Mr. William Haigh states: "I know it for a fact, that long before this time he had given, on an average, two days a week and nearly every night to the work, without fee or reward." This shows us that the call to his life-work came not in sudden and loud-voiced tones, but in the soft whispers of Providence, whose finger pointed the way. It is justly remarked, in the memoirs of Bishop Horne, that "if we look back upon our past

lives, it will generally be found that the leading facts, which gave a direction to all that followed, were not according to our own choice or knowledge, but from the hand of an over-ruling Providence, which acts without consulting us ; putting us into situations which are either best for ourselves, or best for both ; and leading us, as it led the Patriarch Abraham, of whom we are told, that he '*knew not whither he was going.*'" This was plainly the case with Mr. Booth ; he entered upon his work seeking to do the will of God, by whom, as an ever faithful friend, he was led from day to day.

We find, then, that in the midst of his every-day engagements, Mr. Booth was not unmindful of his suffering and sinning fellow-men, but that his time and talents were given to the promotion of their reformation. He did not neglect his business, or leave his young wife, as, alas ! too many do, to gratify the selfish craving of an abnormal appetite ; but to restore lost men and women to their homes, and their God. There was in him a soul which yearned for something more than business could yield. It was, indeed, honourable to clothe men's bodies, but Mr. Booth was moved by beholding both men and women in moral and spiritual beggary—wretched, and poor, and blind, and naked,—these he hoped to see sober, sitting at the feet of Jesus, clothed and in their right minds. To accomplish this he relinquished worldly prospects, and devoted himself unreservedly to the advocacy of temperance.

It was in the beginning of 1847 that he gave himself fully up to this work. During the greater part of

that year he laboured in the counties of Suffolk and Essex. Then we find him fulfilling engagements as a temperance missionary at Hull, Bradford, Huddersfield, York, Rotherham, &c. Twenty years ago, namely, in 1853, he became one of the agents of the British Temperance League. This is, we believe, the oldest temperance organization in the kingdom, and is certainly one of the most honourable and most useful in existence. Bolton is the executive town, but an annual conference is usually held at some other place, in the month of June or July. The League constantly employs several agents, who distribute their valuable labours all over the country, from the Tweed to Land's End, though for the most part they are confined to the Northern and Midland Counties.

Mr. F. Atkin, formerly a popular and able lecturer for the League, is now the secretary and editor, resident at Bolton. This League has ever kept itself abreast of the age, and has shown a willingness to aid in any proper manner all true workers for the destruction of the drink-evil, and the promotion of national sobriety. It is prepared at any time, to assist in securing restrictions of the traffic, whether by shorter hours of sale on the week-day, or by the Sunday closing of public-houses; yet it does not stop here, but toils zealously and well for the total suppression of the liquor-traffic. Mr. Booth, having engaged himself to the British Temperance League, went forth, in the fulness of strength and hope, to lecture in all parts of the country. He found the

League a genial sphere to himself, and wherever he laboured, he secured the esteem and affection of the people. It was soon after Mr. Booth's engagement with the British Temperance League, that we became personally acquainted with him, and until the day of his death our friendship was never for a moment interrupted. Here, however, we desire to break in upon the order of our narrative, to notice some of Mr. Booth's characteristics as a man, a lecturer, &c.



CHAPTER IV.

PERSONAL APPEARANCE.



“ He was a man, take him for all in all,
I shall not look upon his like again.”

In an article on Robert Burns, in the 48th volume of the *Edinburgh Review*, the following wise remarks occur :—“ Our notions upon the subject of biography may perhaps appear extravagant ; but if an individual is really of consequence enough to have his life and character recorded for public remembrance, we have always been of opinion that the public ought to be made acquainted with all the inward springs and relations of his character. How did the world and man’s life, from his particular position, represent themselves to his mind ? How did co-existing circumstances modify him from without ? How did he modify these from within ? With what endeavours and what efficacy rule over them ; with what resistance and what suffering sink under them ? In one word, what and how produced was the effect of society on him ; what and how produced was his effect on society ? He who would answer these questions, in regard to any individual, would, as we believe, furnish a model of perfection in biography.” It is not in any sense our aim to produce a model biography, being unwilling to attempt impossibilities, but we accept it as important that the smallest circumstances often help to a clearer

insight of a man, and that things of little value in themselves are yet frequently of great relative value. In this view we feel justified in making a few remarks upon Mr. Booth's personal appearance.

He was about the average height, and well built—broad and substantial. On seeing him ascend a platform to address a meeting, we were impressed with the conviction that he possessed a good constitution and a happy disposition of mind. He had a merry-looking face. We never looked on it without receiving soul-cheering impulses. What differences exist among the faces we see ! Some exhibit the ugliness of vice, others deep traces of care ; one gives evidence of a settled melancholy, whilst another beams with cheerfulness. There is often sweet rest to the eye and heart in the sweet face of innocent childhood ! Mr. Booth's face gave us rest and pleasure. It was almost as merry and innocent as that of a child. He reminded us of one who knew much of men and things, of one who walked open-eyed through the world, but of one, too, who had drunk of virtue's health-giving and soul-reviving fountain. Perhaps everybody would not have regarded him as handsome ; on such a subject we venture no deliverance ; opinions may be left to differ. He had no whiskers, no beard, no moustache. Whether this was a freak of nature, or his own deliberate choice, we cannot with certainty affirm ; but in some respects it was an advantage to his hearers, inasmuch as it enabled them to see every line of his facial variations. And this is a subject worthy of consideration by all public speakers, though it does not call for any dogmatic declaration from us.

There was sometimes an oddness about his dress—he did not by any means represent the newest fashion of the period. We have heard occasionally expressions of regret that he did not conform to the existing, or perhaps more strictly, to the changing order of things. But those who knew Mr. Booth best, were well aware that he had no great love for conventionalities—rather the reverse. He therefore dressed to please himself, with a view to comfort rather than appearance, and in part as a rebuke to the absurd fashions of his day. He concerned himself much more with realities than with semblances, and showed greater anxiety to represent a man, than a man's clothes—to do honour to his school-master instead of glorifying his tailor. Protests of this kind are not altogether useless ; they may check a little the extravagance of fashion. How often do we see young men and women exhibiting their gaudy attire as if it were the supreme good. To *appear*, is, in their estimation, a nobler thing than *to be* ! The intense love of dress in our day is eating out of the hearts of men and women that better love, which yearns to be beautiful in the presence of Him who “clothes the grass of the field.” The spirit of the novel, rather than the precepts of the Bible, reigns in the world of fashion ;—at the shrine of Bible truth J. C. Booth bent his knee—let all Christians do this—“Whose adorning let it not be that outward adorning of plaiting the hair, and of wearing of gold, or of putting on of apparel ; but let it be the hidden man of the heart, in that which is not corruptible, even the ornament of meek and quiet spirit, which is in the sight of God of great price.”

CHAPTER V.

MR. BOOTH AS A LECTURER.



"Thy soul was like a star, and dwelt apart :
Thou hadst a voice whose sound was like the sea ;
Pure as the naked heavens, majestic, free ;
So didst thou travel on life's common way
In cheerful godliness ; and yet thy heart
The lowliest duties on itself did lay."—MILTON.

Considered phrenologically, Mr. Booth's perceptive predominated over his reflective faculties—he had a slightly receding forehead. He possessed a fair measure of wit, but was not so much distinguished by wit as by broad humour. "The essence of humour is sensibility ; warm, tender fellow-feeling, with all forms of existence . . . True humour springs not more from the head than from the heart ; it is not contempt, its essence is love ; it issues not in laughter, but in still smiles, which lie far deeper. It is a sort of inverse sublimity ; exalting, as it were, into our affections what is below us, while sublimity draws down into our affections what is above us. The former is scarcely less precious or heart-affecting than the latter ; perhaps it is still rarer, and, as a test of genius, still more decisive. It is, in fact, the bloom and perfume, the purest effluence of a deep, fine, and loving nature ; a

nature in harmony with itself, reconciled to the world and its stintedness and contradiction, nay, finding in this very contradiction new elements of beauty as well as goodness." These words truly describe that quality of humour which so largely entered into the mental constitution of J. C. Booth. He had no bitter words to hurl against misfortune; his lips were never moistened with vinegar, nor was his tongue ever touched with gall. His humour sprang alike from his head and heart. Wit sometimes played well its part in the music of his genial nature, but it was never his master. It sometimes happens where wit is predominant, that there is a lack of strength in the reasoning faculties; and where wit is made to take the office of the logical faculties, it is not long before argumentative failure takes place.

But Mr. Booth was a capital reasoner; he could conduct an argument well, sustaining the interest and convincing the judgments of his hearers. He likewise possessed considerable imaginative power, and this often increased the charm and effect of his oral deliverances. He could not be otherwise than instructive and edifying, whilst he never failed to arouse attention, and stimulate the intellectual and moral faculties of those whom he addressed. His mind was well stored with information; he read books extensively, and closely scanned the open volume of nature. He had, too, a clear insight of men. His frequent intercourse with all classes of society enabled him readily to understand the true and detect the false; and, whilst tender towards the erring, he could crush with

an honest indignation the practiced villany which crawled on his path.

Thousands over the country can bear testimony to his ability as an orator. Sometimes, indeed, his speech was a little too rapid, and would occasionally lead to slight embarrassment. This, however, interfered only in a small degree with the general effect of his orations. He often left audiences unwilling to retire from his meetings, after a lecture of two hours' length. Many reports, in the *British Temperance Advocate*, and other publications, bear testimony to his ability and success as a lecturer. In the *Western Temperance Herald*, for November, 1864, may be seen these brief, pertinent sentences:—"On October 11th, according to appointment, Mr. J. C. Booth delivered a powerful and convincing lecture, to a large and attentive audience. The lecture gave general satisfaction, and hopes were expressed that Mr. Booth might be permitted to visit us again at no very distant date. At the close of the meeting nine pledges were taken." There is also an account of a meeting at Sturminster Newton. The writer says: "On Wednesday evening, October 12th, we were highly pleased with a visit from your agent, Mr. J. C. Booth. The meeting was well attended, and several signed the pledge. The lecture was good, and the lecturer will meet with a hearty reception if he is permitted to visit us again."

The following account of a visit to Heywood appears in the *Advocate* of April, 1868, having been extracted from the *Heywood Advertiser*:—

“ Mr. J. C. Booth gave five lectures during the week commencing Feb. 24th, and these lectures have been most interesting. We regret we cannot give a summary of each, but the demand on our space this week will not allow of it. The first two lectures were delivered in the Methodist Free Church, Hopwood, the subject of the first being—‘Our Young Men and Women; their position, prospects, and duties.’ And that of the second—‘The Up and Down Lines; their stations and passengers.’ The three last lectures were delivered in the Mechanics’ Institution, Heywood. The following is a brief outline of Mr. Booth’s third lecture, the subject being ‘Work and Wages’ :—The lecturer assumed that labour was a marketable commodity, and as such, subject to the laws of supply and demand. Wages rise and fall with the demand for labour. Whatever increases the amount of work, will promote a rise in the price of labour. The manufacture of intoxicating drinks does not cost so much, or employ so many, as the making of articles of real and general utility, while it is a fact, that there are few, if any, articles upon which so much of the national income is expended. The amount paid for labour in the production of £1 worth of intoxicating liquor does not exceed 8d., while in the manufacture of articles of general use, such as food, clothing, furniture, &c., a much larger proportion falls to the share of the workman. In the manufacture of £1 worth of shoes, for instance, at least 7/6 is paid for labour in the processes of currying, tanning, and shoemaking. In the manufacture of woollen cloth, more than 10/- in the £1 is paid for labour, and the making of the same material into garments will cost from 4/- to 5/- more, or a total of more than 14/- in the £1 to the workman. In many branches of industry the per centage for labour is much higher, but suppose we take 10/- in the £1 as the average remuneration for labour in all manufactures (except intoxicating drinks), and the money now spent upon these drinks (which are neither meat, washing, nor lodging to any one) by the working population was expended upon food, clothing, house furniture, and other useful articles. It would do much to promote our health, increase the demand for labour, raise the price of our toil, bless the homes, improve the habits, and elevate the character of the people. The drink traffic not only lessens the demand for labour, but it increases the number of hands to do it. 1st, by keeping many in the labour market too long: 2nd, by bringing many into the market too soon; and 3rd, by bringing into the market those who never ought to have come. The drink traffic not only lessens the demand for labour, but

increases the out-go of the labourer, to support the poor and criminals made by the drinking system and the increased price of his bread-loaf. Thus the drinking habits of the people damage trade, lessen their income, increase their taxes, degrade their characters, ruin their prospects, and in every way injure them for time and eternity. The subject of the fourth lecture was :—‘ Why do people eat and drink? Food, different kinds of food; nature and properties of malt liquors, the amount of food they contain; the process of malting and brewing explained; the product of fermentation; alcohol, what it is; alcohol, tested and burnt.’ This lecture was illustrated with large diagrams and chemical experiments upon malt liquor and British wines. The last lecture was a very important one, embracing as it did—‘ The physiological action of alcohol,’ illustrated by large coloured diagrams of the stomach, liver, lungs, kidneys, and brain. Mr. Booth’s most racy and popular style is sure to make him welcome as an orator wherever he goes.”

These extracts may be taken as indicative of Mr. Booth’s mode of treating his subjects, and as types of a large class of appreciative hearers ; ‘ at the same time it is easy to see their pertinent reference to those aspects of his mental characteristics now under review.

But reverting again to the phrenological view of his intellectual constitution, it was not difficult to see that “ Locality ” was large. It is well known that he loved to travel, and that he always knew where he was. On one occasion he said to us, whilst a good-humoured smile lit up his honest face, “ I have *ramble-about-ative-ness* large. I can’t settle down long at a place, I soon begin to look for ‘ Bradshaw,’ and prepare for another journey.” Thus onward he went, yet always at home, whether amongst the rich or the poor—so long as his restive organ did not disturb him. He was full of fun amongst children, and ever ready to counsel the men whom he met.

He had an intense love for the country in summer, but preferred town life in winter. He would say, "In winter I like to see the gas lamps, and to hear the rattle of omnibuses and cabs—I prefer then the busy life of the town. But in summer, let me see the hills, the lakes, and rivers!" Sometimes Mr. Booth entertained a circle of friends with an account of his adventures; while his manner of relating a story always enhanced the interest felt in the events themselves. He would describe how, on one occasion, he was riding from the western shore of Windermere Lake to Kirkby-Ireleth, near Dalton-in-Furness, when the horse on which he rode ran away. At the time, he was following the bridle path down a long lane, when suddenly the horse made a plunge through an opening in a hedge, and before he was able to pull up, the capricious animal had passed through numerous capers in the field. At length, Booth was thrown off, and the horse, as if rejoicing in its freedom, scampered away to the other side of the field, he, the while, running after it, laughing with delight!

We have already noticed Mr. Booth's ideas of dress, but here we may refer to a case illustrative of his method of attack on foolish customs and habits. He would show the worthlessness of mere fashion by pointing out some of the glaring absurdities connected with dress. For example, he would instance ladies' bonnets, and say, "In the olden time, if we happened to look up a street when a lady was passing across the top of it, we should first see a bonnet, and afterwards a woman; but in our day (bonnets being worn on the

back of the head) we first see a woman, and then a bonnet!" The lesson being, that if customs so change, no justification of drinking can be made on the ground of custom. This gave fine scope to his humour. It told, however, upon those who witnessed Mr. Booth's inimitable style, in such a way as it never can do, related by another. That men ought to be guided by *right* rather than by *fashion*, was worthy of his best advocacy. And sometimes he told a story of a stout, gouty man, who went to a hydropathic establishment, and there was rapidly cured. Booth described graphically the process of cure—the hot and cold water, the Turkish bath, and the cold wet sheet, &c., until his hearers, in imagination, saw the man dancing about the bath-room in a state of frenzy. And this was not an idle story, related for mere amusement, but told to show how men grew cross by intemperance in eating and drinking, and what misery they had to endure as a penalty for violated physical law.

As another example of Mr. Booth's good humour, we may mention here the following anecdote:—He had been staying a short time with a friend in Leeds, awhile before his health failed. This gentleman was only about two years older than himself, and not in any wise appearing older than his years. As Booth was leaving the house, his friend offered to carry his portmanteau, but he declined the favour, at the same time saying, with amusing *naivete*, "I should be disgraced if I allowed you to carry my portmanteau; why, the first cabman we might come to would say, 'For shame! to allow your poor old father to carry

your luggage, and you walking there.' " If we remember the sentiment already quoted from the *Edinburgh Review*, it will be seen that an incident like this is not wholly without significance, but that, on the contrary, it affords an insight of the man.

The following letter, which Mr. Booth sent us from the hydropathic establishment at Limpley Stoke, Bath, is worthy of a place here. Not long before it was sent, we had been staying a few weeks at this establishment. It belongs to Charles Jupe, Esq., of Mere, one of the noblest and most generous men in our country. The place was established for the development of hydropathic treatment in various diseases, and the results have been most gratifying. The officers are worthy of all praise for their polite and Christian deportment ;— and the building is situated in a romantic and lovely region. Mr. Booth wrote as follows :—

“Limpley Stoke, near Bath,

“May 17th, 1865.

“My Dear Balmer,

“Your favour of the 8th to hand. We have much pleasure in hearing from you. I am sorry I did not drop you a line from Plymouth, to inform you of the train we should pass you by, as Mrs. B. and Sarah would have been glad to see you. I was so fully engaged that I forgot, though I intended to write you. We are much the better for coming to Limpley. We shall go on to London on Monday next, Birmingham the Monday following, and Derby the Monday after that; so we shall return by easy stages, you see. Mr. Preston was glad to hear from you, also Miss Wyatt, and they wish to be remembered to you. John, the bathman, is here—was glad to hear you continued to use the wet sheet, and wishes to be remembered to you. Mr. Westbrook left a few days after we came, and Miss McMurdo left eight or ten days ago—since your letter came to hand. The Lancasters are not here, nor do I hear anything of them. Can you give

me any commissions for London? We shall not leave until after the postman's time on Monday morning.—Kind regards to you, old friend (I am glad you are coming North so soon), to Mrs. B., and the children,

“Yours affectionately,

“J. C. BOOTH.

“P.S.—I have had a long pull up the river this afternoon, and got aground near the Railway Bridge. Had three ladies in the boat; we all escaped a watery grave, thanks to my strong arms.

“Yours, &c.”

We must consider a little more fully his qualities as a lecturer. Mr. Booth devoted much of his advocacy to social questions; he was ever at home with the toiling classes, and sought earnestly to win their attention to home purity and mental improvement. His teachings were sound, both on teetotalism and prohibition. It was always obvious, when he reverted to the bases of his advocacy, that he rested his faith on science, philosophy, and scripture; and not on the feeble basis of mere expediency. That a man was a teetotaller at all, gave Mr. Booth pleasure, but he enjoyed greater satisfaction on learning that he abstained because he believed the evil was in the drink, and that, therefore, under all circumstances abstinence from it as a beverage was a bounden duty. The advocacy of some temperance men has been of this order:—“We live,” it is said, “in a country where alcoholic liquors impose upon us heavy burdens, corrupt our homes, and destroy many of our people; for their good, then, we will abstain, for while to drink is lawful, yet it is not expedient.” On the other hand, Mr. Booth would have said, “Alcoholic liquor is injurious to the bodies and souls of the people; no man who drinks it is safe,

he may fall from respectability and Christian usefulness into shame and blasphemy. This drink is a poison, and if taken will operate independently of moral conditions ; it will never ask the drinker whether he is a saint or a sinner, but by whomsoever taken, will produce its ravages as an enemy of the body and mind. The only security is in total abstinence. This is every man's duty, in every country, and at all times. 'Let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall.' " And it merits observation that those men who have taken the scientific rather than the expediency basis for their faith and practice, have been the truest adherents, in storm and sunshine, of the temperance reformation. At the same time, it is easy to perceive that a man who accepts the scientific ground for his personal abstinence, will have no difficulty in concluding that the liquor traffic is immoral—and being morally wrong, ought not to be politically right—and that therefore it ought to be suppressed. Abstinence for the drinker and prohibition for the seller ; this is the principle on the banner of our foremost temperance phalanx, and no surrender !

Mr. Booth often engaged his audiences in the singing of temperance melodies. He had no bewitching voice himself, with which to charm his hearers, but he had the happy method of engaging others whose voices could fascinate with the melody of temperance song. His ability to infuse enthusiasm among all into whose fellowship he was brought, formed a marked trait in his character and labours. In the Kendal district to-day there are many who remember those enthusiastic

meetings which gathered twenty years ago, to enjoy both his speaking and singing. Mr. William Thompson, for many years the zealous secretary of the Kendal Temperance Society, and a gentleman highly esteemed for his amiable and Christian conduct, in a note recently sent to us, says, "Poor Booth ! we used to have some glorious meetings in those days ; all seemed so full of enthusiasm—the company joining so heartily in the choruses. The humour and anecdotes of our friend kept us all in a capital condition." At these times Mr. Booth led the people in singing Mr. John Ripley's words—

" Will you sign the pledge, poor drunkard ?

We wish to set you free

From appetite and passion, and custom's slavery.

Strong drink has been your ruin ; we ask you to abstain ;

Come, throw down the bottle, and never drink again," &c.

Or in singing the " Hope of the World," " The Water King," &c. And on some occasions Mr. Booth sang his own composition, of which the following may serve as no mean sample:—

"THE INVITATION."

AIR—"O come, come away."

" O come, come and sign,

The pledge to keep for ever ;

Drink not strong drink, be wise and think ;

O come, come and sign.

'Twill save you from a thousand snares,

From want and woe, and pining cares,

While misery the drunkard shares,

O come, &c.

O come, come, and sign,

While health your spirit lightens,

Our humble means from danger screen :

O come, &c.

Come join the cause of truth and love,
In peace and safety onward move,
By actions worthy prove,
O come, &c.

O come and join our song,
A world of misery calls you,
The temperance song sing loud and long,
O come, &c.

While angels listen to the strain,
And loudly echo back again—
No drunkard heaven can gain :
O come, &c.

Intemperance doth spread
Its deadly work around us,
And breeding strife and causing life
And virtue to pine.
Let's chase him quickly from our shore,
And let his form be seen no more—
A fallen world restore :
O come, &c.

Then temperance shall wave
Her flag so white and glorious,—
The wide world ring, while all shall sing
The sweet song divine.
Then chant the music of our lay,
Intemperance banished far away—
All hail the happy day,
O come, &c."

The effect of his orations upon the young men of Staveley, near Kendal, was nothing less than marvellous. When first he visited the place teetotalism had scarcely an existence in it, but very soon J. C. Booth was the most popular man in the district, and large, enthusiastic meetings greeted him again and again. From amongst the young men, who were greatly influenced by his visits, about half a score have entered the Christian ministry in connection with different denominations, and several of them have passed with credit through theological institutions or the Glasgow

University. These Christian labourers remember with pleasure, even now, those winter evenings when they joined Mr. Booth in singing through the village streets as they went to the place of meeting. It was this which at first drew the people to hear his lectures, and for a long time, when he visited us, one melody rang through the village as the shout of freedom. We will here give the whole of it, for not a line ought to be lost:—

“HURRAH FOR THE CAUSE!”

AIR—“*Uncle Ned.*”

“ Rejoice, rejoice, for a powerful voice,
Like the song of the mighty sea,
Hath burst from a band in our fatherland,
Hurrah for the cause of the free !

CHORUS.

Then hurrah for the cause ! hurrah ! hurrah !
Hurrah for the cause of the free !
For its wealth shall flow, its strength shall grow,
And its faith triumphant be !

For they sing, that might shall not rule the right,
That the weak shall not fear the strong;
Lo ! tyrants quail, and their proud hearts fail,
At the sound of the freeman's song.

Then hurrah, &c.

It hath shattered the bowl, that the unchained soul
May soar to a brighter sphere;
It hath plenty poured on the poor man's board,
It hath crown'd it with merry cheer.

Then hurrah, &c.

It hath spread glad mirth on the lowly hearth,
It hath cheered it with faces fair;
It hath plucked the thorn from the heart sore torn,
And smooth'd down the brow of care.

Then hurrah, &c.

Hurrah for the creed that takes good heed
That the hungry hath food in store;
That the naked back no garment shall lack,
That the houseless have open door.

Then hurrah, &c.

That, should virtue roam from her happy home,
It will shelter and protect;
That the manly form in misfortune's storm
Be cheered till he stands erect.

Then hurrah, &c.

If all human life be care and strife,
Tho' the tempests loudly blow,
The task be ours to strew with flowers
Life's paths, be they high or low.

Then hurrah, &c.

Till the blood-stained swords of the earth's proud lords
From their iron grasps be wrung!
Till the despot's crown shall tumble down
To the dust from whence it sprung.

Then hurrah, &c."

We sincerely wish that the temperance young men of this period would imitate the example set by those village youths, then should we see a wonderful revival of the old zeal—a rekindling of the old temperance fire. But we regret to say that many young men, even of temperance parents, manifest such a spirit of indifference to the calls of the perishing, and the honours of the cause which has made some of them what they are, that we feel a downright shame for them. A concert, a theatre, or a cricket club consumes their time and their strength, and they cannot, therefore, attend to the claims of temperance work. What a pity! But is it not obvious that a man cannot have lived in vain who has been permitted in any measure

to determine, as Mr. Booth did, the high destiny of so many young men of our nation? And how the good seeds multiply! These men are now in their turn influencing others for their eternal well-being.

In conducting open-air services, ludicrous incidents sometimes came under Mr. Booth's notice. One of these may be related in a few words. It was on a summer evening, and he was about to commence an open-air meeting in one of our populous towns. Having reached the place appointed for his address, he found no temperance friends present to support him. This was very discouraging, and far from being right. And yet it is not altogether an uncommon occurrence now-a-days for temperance men to come to a meeting after the lecturer has secured good attendance and attention, instead of being there to help at the most difficult part, the beginning. There is, we fear, in some cases no small portion of moral cowardice at the bottom of this late coming,—it is easy to perceive that it does not require so much courage to follow the crowd, or strength to swim with the tide, as it does to stand alone, or singly to breast the flood.

However, in this case Mr. Booth was nothing the worse, unless by the physical effort he exhausted himself in a work which the many ought to have undertaken. At any rate, the time having arrived to commence the meeting, he began to sing—as he himself told us,—and walked down the street alone, singing some temperance ditty to the tune of “I’d be a butterfly.” As he went on in this way he attracted the attention of the persons on the street and in the houses. He was himself

greatly amused at some of the remarks which he overheard. One person said, "Poor fellow! he looks as if he'd seen better days." Very soon the climax was reached, for a poor woman walked up to him and gave him a 'copper,' which he took, moved to her, and sang on. At length he secured a good meeting, which he addressed with some difficulty.

All honour to the man who could thus become a fool in order to reach and lift up his fellow men. But shame on the professed friends of temperance, who left him thus alone. No one can tell how his fine spirit was tried by this kind of work. And would the reader wonder, if told that at the close of the lecture, some of the temperance committee went to the brave lecturer, gave his hand a shake, and said, "*We've had a good meeting?*" No uncommon thing. We should prefer to be in the hands of the poor woman who gave her 'copper,' to being left at the mercy of these miserable drones in the teetotal hive; and yet it is only just to say that some of the bravest philanthropists in this country are found in the temperance ranks.

J. C. Booth, with his wonderful versatility and charming drollery, never bordered upon vulgarity or descended to low buffoonery—his fine nature had too much contempt for these ever to allow them in himself. It will suffice now to quote the statement of an interesting little temperance paper, published in Bradford, in confirmation of our views of his advocacy. This publication says:—

"The high tone which always characterised Mr. Booth's platform utterances did much to redeem Temperance Advocacy from the reproach under which it has too often laboured, and which many seem determined to perpetuate. While ever ready when necessary to enliven his addresses by telling anecdotes and ready wit, Mr. Booth will be long remembered as one of the soundest and most instructive lecturers we have ever had, and the fruit of his labours will remain long after the transitory impressions produced by the broad farce and absurd antics in which some indulge shall have vanished."

It is evident that with pleasant humour, cultured imagination, forcible logic, and irresistible enthusiasm, J. C. Booth could not be other than a highly popular and very useful lecturer.



CHAPTER VI.

MR. BOOTH AS A WRITER.



“Hast thou not a brain, furnished, furnishable with some glimmerings of Light; and three fingers to hold a pen withal? Never since Aaron’s Rod went out of practice, or even before it, was there such a wonder-working Tool: greater than all recorded miracles have been performed by Pens.”—
SARTOR RESARTUS.

Mr. Booth did not write much for publication. Only an occasional article from his pen appeared in some of our temperance magazines. Yet, if he had cultivated his literary tastes to the same extent as his lecturing qualifications, he might have done well in that too. There is an interesting and exceedingly valuable article of his in the *Temperance Advocate*, for 1865, on “Why is bread so dear?” We have also in our possession one of his printed lectures, called “The Up and Down Lines: their stations and passengers.” It is a suggestive allegory, and has evidently been highly appreciated, our copy being one of the fifteenth thousand, price a penny. The subject is treated in a clever style, but it requires the lecturer’s *delivery* to do it full justice.

It needs the “look, the voice, the quick repartee, the connecting links from which the observations

spring ; it requires the master-spirit's voice to animate the whole ; without all this, we feel it is but a body without the soul." It is well known that George Whitfield—whose preaching swayed the thousands who listened to him as a storm bends the tall forest-trees—has left sermons almost as dry-as-dust ; they want his voice and action. The like disadvantage in part attends Mr. Booth's printed lecture ; but that our readers may see a specimen of its style, we will transcribe the opening part :—

"It is customary to speak of the *Up and Down Lines*, but in the following allegory we will first describe THE DOWN LINE, as people generally take tickets for it before they are aware of the dangers by which they are surrounded ; or sensible of the benefits to be derived from travelling on the Up Line. The Down Line is worked by Drink, Death, and Destitution Company. The people's food is destroyed in order to supply steam, or motive power. Last year, 68 million bushels of barley were taken from the market in the United Kingdom, and were as certainly destroyed for food as though they had been burned upon some plain. This grain would have made 966,103,625 four pound loaves ; sufficient to provide for each family in the kingdom 150 loaves in the year, or nearly three loaves per week. — The motive power is Alcohol ; the stoker, Old Appetite ; the engine driver, Perverted Passion ; and the guards, are Evil Spirits. The station masters are Publicans, who book to Blue Ruin, or any other place on the line. Policemen do duty as porters, and assist passengers who have missed the station to which they booked, to the police-station. Magistrates act as local directors, many of whom have a personal interest in the company. The general council, is the House of Commons, and the traffic managers are honourable members for Maltham and Hopshire. The solicitors, George Diddleham & Co. ; bankers, Messrs. Get-and-Keep-All ; chief offices, Rag and Bone Court, Inferno Street, Pandemonium ; and the chairman and resident director, a nameless old gentleman. The shareholders comprise those who make, sell, or drink any kind of intoxicating drinks."

At certain intervals, Mr. Booth sent reports of his labours in different parts of the country to several of

the temperance publications. We find one of these amongst our papers, and present it here as indicative both of the cheerful spirit with which he laboured and of the style of his composition in this department. His sphere of labour had been for a time in the West, and it will be seen that he dates from Shaftesbury :—

“ To the Editor of the Western Temperance Herald.

“ DEAR SIR,—Before the January number of the *Herald* is issued, I shall have completed my engagement of three months with the ‘West of England Temperance League.’ On leaving the district, I desire to tender my hearty thanks to the officers and friends of the different societies I have had the pleasure to visit in connection with the League, for their great kindness to me during my short sojourn with them. I have been welcomed to the hearth and home of many dear old friends, who ‘have borne the burden and heat of the day,’ and who ‘are not weary in well doing.’ Their motto still is, ‘We will win the day.’ While I have had pleasure in rejoicing with old friends in the increased efforts and large extension of the ‘West of England League,’ I have formed new, and I hope lasting friendships with individuals and societies, who were not in connection with you on my last visit, near nine years ago. During my engagement of three months I have addressed 85 public meetings; of these 62 were adult temperance meetings, 18 Band of Hope gatherings, and five religious services. These meetings were held in 46 different towns and villages in five counties, viz., Somerset, Wilts, Hants, Dorset, and Gloucester. Some of the above meetings were very successful in attendance, and encouraging in their results. I was pleased with my second visit to Devizes; at six o’clock I met the Band of Hope in the Assembly Rooms. The little folks mustered well; their attention and behaviour good, and creditable to the committee and friends; Mr. Fox (one of the old and true temperance men) in the chair. At eight o’clock, the same room was well filled by adults. The Rev. R. Dawson, B.A., presided, and opened the meeting by an earnest and powerful denunciation of the drinking customs of the land, and the duty of Christians to come up to the help of the Lord against this fearful evil of our times. The subject of my address was—‘Our Young Men and Women; their position, prospects, and duties.’ At

the close of this deeply interesting meeting, twenty young men and women responded to the powerful appeal of the chairman, and signed the pledge. Long may they live, to promote our good cause by a noble, consistent, and manly life. I shall long remember my visit to Milborne St. Andrew. I was entertained by Mr. Stent, at the Reformatory. The boys, about thirty in number, accompanied us to the meeting, which was well attended. On Sunday afternoon, I addressed the boys in their own room. They seemed much interested in my remarks. Before leaving, on Monday, the dear boys wished me to speak to them again, after which 23 of them signed the pledge. I was pleased, nay, delighted, with their attention and behaviour. I was not surprised at their good conduct, when I saw the kindness, tact, and ability of the governor, the earnest and tender solicitude of his wife, and the deep personal interest the Squire took in their training. Long may they live to labour in this important work; to reform and bless our (in many cases) worse than orphan children. There are many other places and persons I would like to mention, but I fear to trespass on your limited space. Allow me to thank your esteemed and indefatigable secretary, who by his kindness and forethought has done much to make my sojourn in the West agreeable. He is highly esteemed in the district, and his labours appreciated. I have been pleased to hear a good report of the agents employed, and the lecturers who have visited the district, with the exception of two *female orators*, who would serve the cause better by *staying at home*. The friends are much pleased to hear that Mr. John Ripley and Mr. James Eddy are about to return to your district again, and hope they may long be spared to promote our cause. I wish also to bear my testimony to the earnest, able, and untiring labours of Mr. Fea. He never fails. He is much beloved for his work's sake. The right man at the right work. Many, many thanks to all the dear friends of the good old cause in the western counties for their warm and generous greetings, and kind hospitalities. May their motto be onwards, upwards, and heavenwards.

“Apologizing for the length of my letter,

“I am, yours truly,

“J. C. BOOTH.

“Shaftesbury, December 19th, 1864.”

It would interest our readers to peruse several other reports of a like nature, which indicate an amount of labour done, positively herculean. It is, however, a

fact that Mr. Booth did not write any great work, or produce a volume which might take its place in our libraries when his voice could no longer be heard amongst us. But, as Mrs. Booth truly says, in a note to us, "He was a man who did much and wrote little; his life-work is for the most part photographed on men's hearts, not in letters. He lived in deeds, and seemed to have little time to record the various incidents in his experiences of life." Indeed, when we consider the thousands of miles he travelled every year, the constant demand for fresh matter in his lectures, and the great number of letters he had of necessity to write, beside other duties, we do not wonder that he was unable to record the various incidents of his travel. And what shall we think of "his life-work being photographed on men's hearts?" What photography so beautiful or so blessed? The image will remain there when the pedestals of warriors have been melted in the fires of the last day, and when gold will be of no more value than the ashes we tread under our feet! It was not for himself or his own happiness, so much, that he lived, but to bless others and to honour God. He did his work in the spirit of the philanthropist and the Christian.

It is forcibly and beautifully said, by the author of *Past and Present*:—"The only happiness a brave man ever troubled himself with asking much about, was happiness enough to get his work done. Not 'I can't eat!' but 'I can't work!' that was the burden of all wise complaining among men. It is, after all, the one

unhappiness of a man, that he cannot work ; that he cannot get his destiny as a man fulfilled. Behold, the day is passing swiftly over ; and the night cometh, wherein no man can work Brief brawling day, with its noisy phantoms, its poor paper-crowns tinsel-gilt, is gone ; and divine everlasting Night, with her star-diadems, with her silences and her veracities, is come ! What hast thou done, and how ? Happiness, unhappiness ; all that was but the *wages* thou hadst ; thou hast spent all that, in sustaining thyself hitherward ; not a coin of it remains with thee, it is all spent, eaten : and now thy work, where is thy work ? Swift, out with it ; let us see thy work !” And well will it be for the man who can point to human heads enlightened, and hearts purified ; who can show once-fallen manhood now uplifted from the sinks of sin into the light of God, and truthfully say, “ There is my work !”

Never let us be anxious about a life of pleasure, but let us be earnest to present before God a life glowing with deeds of goodness—happy or not happy, let us get our work done. The writer of the above quotation also truly says, “ The English are a dumb people ; they can do great acts, but not describe them. Like the old Romans, and some few others, *their* epic poem is written on the earth’s surface : England her mark !” J. C. Booth’s grand “ epic poem ” is written on Englishmen’s hearts ; there it is to be read to-day ; that’s his work, well done ! We have recently met a gentleman, with furrowed cheeks and grey locks, who, on the mention of Mr. Booth’s name, lost the power of

speech, and turned his face from us! Booth had written on that man's heart; look at his work! This fact, then, shall console us in the absence of books. But before we dismiss the question of writing and printing, it is noteworthy that Mr. Booth did much to spread wholesome literature wherever he went. Many a young man has been helped by the book put into his hand, in the family circle, or at the close of a lecture. Mr. Booth made his house into a tract depôt, and his portmanteau into a colporteur's travelling bag, that the hungry soul might be fed and the ignorant enlightened. He understood well how to use the press for the advancement of his social and moral principles, and in this, as in many other useful ways, we shall accomplish more by imitating his vigorous brain, his brave heart, and ever active hand.



CHAPTER VII.

DECEASED FELLOW-WORKERS.



“ I live for those who love me,
For those who know me true,
For the heaven that smiles above me,
And awaits my spirit too.
For the cause that lacks assistance,
For the wrong that needs resistance,
For the future in the distance,
And the good that I can do.”—G. L. BANKS.

As a colleague, the agents of the British Temperance League loved Mr. Booth like a brother. Messrs. Horne, Gregson, Hardy, Eddy, and others, would vie with each other to do his memory honour. But there are a few facts which tell favourably upon this aspect of his character.

Several intimate friends and co-workers, who departed this life before Mr. Booth, held him in as high esteem as ourselves, and we turn a little aside in our narrative to give them a place here; we do this because of their mutual regard, and because we find that in his last hours Mr. Booth lovingly thought and spoke of them.

The name of Mr. T. B. Thompson will be remembered by many temperance men. He was born at Leeds on the 16th of March, 1818, and died in the

same town, after a short illness, on the 20th January, 1859. For sixteen years Mr. Thompson had been connected with the British Temperance League, as one of its agents. He was greatly beloved by the members of the League, and highly esteemed by those who were privileged to know him as a lecturer. The officials of the League looked upon him as a most devoted servant of the cause, and they "learned with the most profound sorrow of his sudden and unexpected death." Mr. Thompson had not been able to provide a competency for his wife and boy. This was known to Mr. Booth and other friends of temperance, who immediately commenced an effort to raise such a sum of money as should materially assist the widow and child. In the *Advocate* of March 1st, 1859, immediately following the one containing an account of Mr. Thompson's death, we find this record under the heading of Huddersfield:—"On Thursday evening, January 27th, a meeting was held in George Street School-room, when Mr. J. C. Booth reviewed the life and labours of the late Mr. T. B. Thompson. The occasion was one of solemn interest, and a deep feeling of sympathy pervaded the meeting; some of the audience rose to express their sorrow at the great loss sustained by Mrs. Thompson and her child, and hoped that the sympathy would not be allowed to die away without an effort being made to aid the testimonial fund now in progress for Mrs. Thompson." A considerable sum was eventually obtained from friends throughout the country. Without doubt, many were worthy of respect for what they did to comfort the widow of a labourer

so valuable, with a nature so generous and Christian, called so unexpectedly, while in his prime, away from the company of earth's toilers to the rewards of heaven—but there was none who devoted more love and substantial help to the effort than Mr. Booth. We witness in all this the faithful friend and generous-hearted colleague; and there was no ostentation, but a silent and sincere charity in all he did.

The same year in which Mr. Thompson died witnessed the departure of another beloved agent of the League—Mr. John Addleshaw. He was a native of Brigg, in Lincolnshire, where he was born on the 22nd of November, 1801. He was a man of upright and pure character; an able reasoner, a brilliant orator, and a genial friend. After a lecturing course extending to about half a century, he expired at Bolton on the 18th November, 1859, or, as the *Advocate* records it, "Just as the clock told six on Friday evening, Nov. 18th, he drew his last mortal breath, and passed into the better land." We remember well the mournful occasion of his burial, and the tribute of esteem paid to him by the Rev. W. Roaf; and not the less by the silence and tears of a great number of the best temperance men.

Even that sad day was a witness to J. C. Booth's generous thought. Whilst mourning for the dead, he did not forget the living. Amongst the agents of the League present at Mr. Addleshaw's funeral, was one who, by his delicate state of health, gave signs of approaching departure—of early death. He was the father of a family, and there was just cause for anxiety

about them. It has come to our knowledge since the death of Mr. Booth that, on the occasion of Mr. Addleshaw's burial, he said to a senior brother agent present, "We shall soon lose ——, but you and I must look to his wife and children." Who does not see that he loved to make himself as a husband and father to those whom the death of his friends had cast upon the world's care. And, though this anticipated help was never needed—for the delicate one lives still—yet to the honour of J. C. Booth's noble-heartedness, we remember and gratefully record the purposes of his friendly thought.

The next in order is the Rev. Robert Gray Mason. He was a native of March, in Cambridgeshire, spent some part of his early life in the Gospel ministry, and was for many years a laborious and successful advocate of temperance. His career as an agent of the British Temperance League was long and honourable. Mr. Mason was very popular as a lecturer, especially in Scotland, where frequently bands of music escorted him to his meetings, and ministers of all denominations opened their pulpits to him. We heard him on one occasion preach a brilliant and able sermon in the Parish Church of Stenarton, Ayrshire, to a large audience, amongst whom were the two resident clergymen. Mr. Mason appeared in gown and bands, and well he beseeemed them. His text was taken from Hebrews xii. 1. His hearers listened with rapt attention, but none with more appreciation than the clergy present. He was a ceaseless writer of lectures, letters, hymns, &c.; was excellent company, notwithstanding a touch of

egotism and eccentricity, all which was excused in consideration of his general good nature, and of his being—a bachelor! He was distinguished by considerable intelligence and culture, was vivacious, and of gentlemanly deportment. Altogether, Mr. Mason's was a grand life. As, however, age threw its shadows over him, his strength failed, a paralytic stroke shook his vigorous frame, his once strong mind became weak, and he died at Bolton, where for some time he had resided, August 31st, 1867, in the 70th year of his age; and was buried in the cemetery there. Mr. Booth was one among the many temperance friends who gathered by the grave of our worthy veteran, to pay their tribute of high esteem to his memory. At the first meeting of the Executive of the League after Mr. Mason's death, the following resolution, which will best show the Committee's estimate of his character and work, was unanimously adopted and entered on the minutes, and afterwards printed in the Register for 1868:—"That this Committee, at its first sitting after the death of the Rev. R. G. Mason, desires to express and record its high appreciation of his great work. His able, his extended, and disinterested labours; his prudent, affable and Christian spirit; his devout and judicious blending of temperance with religion, by which both were commended to the hearts of his audiences, endear his memory to many thousands of persons. And this Committee, while mourning the loss of an advocate with whom its intercourse was always pleasant, rejoices in the vast amount of good which he instrumentally effected, in the hallowed peace which

he felt during the evening of his days, and in the unspotted reputation which now crowns his name."

The next name on our roll is that of John Cunliffe. He was born at Todmorden in the autumn of 1808, and for twelve years was the Secretary of the British Temperance League, and editor of the *Temperance Advocate*. Previous to this he was well known as a social reformer and philanthropist. Mr. Cunliffe was a man of average height, crowned with an intellectual head, and a countenance full of thoughtful expression. He was an upright man, one who feared God, and eschewed evil. We were often impressed by his kindness, which was blended with firmness of purpose and honesty of heart. In all our intercourse with him we ever found him acting the part of a true man and a sincere Christian. In the later period of his life, Mr. Cunliffe was a member of the Town Council of Bolton, where he resided; he was also proprietor of the *Bolton Guardian*, which he edited with considerable ability and success. He departed this life on the 24th October, 1868, in the 61st year of his age.

At the risk of being charged with egotism, we cannot deny ourselves the pleasure of transcribing the last letter we received from him as secretary of the League, in the agency of which, at that time, we were labouring:—

"Bolton, August 4th, 1860.

"MY DEAR SIR,

"I send herewith the balance of your monthly sheet, including the 8/1 which I had forgot. It sounds and feels strange that this should be the last of the kind. The last of everything earthly will come, but our affection and esteem for one another will live in heaven. It is gratifying

to feel that one has endeavoured to do as one would wish to be done by. I cannot think we are separating. We must still have the same regards for each other.

"Yours truly,

"JOHN CUNLIFFE."

This good man's end was peace. On the day of his death he said to his daughter-in-law, "If I die in an hour, I die at peace with mankind, with my conscience, and with God through Christ Jesus."

Mr. Cunliffe's successor in the secretariat of the League was the Rev. E. F. Quant. He was a smart writer and an indefatigable worker. For several years of his life he resided at New Orleans, where he was an eye-witness of the barbarities of slavery. On this subject he often lectured in different parts of England, thereby helping to rid the world of that sum of all villanies. Mr. Quant was a man who had seen affliction and endured persecution, both in the ministry and out of it. We knew him first as a Baptist minister at Bacup, and at the same time as a zealous labourer in the temperance cause. He was a native of Bury St. Edmonds, where he was born on the 12th November, 1811. His death took place, after a brief illness, at his residence in Bolton, on Saturday, July 16th, 1870. Not many days before his decease, he attended the Conference of the League, at Sheffield, and laboured assiduously at his various duties. We have a vivid remembrance of the last shake of the hand, as we left the Temperance Hall, where the Conference had been held. Taking us firmly by the hand with both of his, he said, "Good-bye!" in such a way as if he knew well that we should never meet again in this world. It so happened, that was our last earthly parting.

“The summons to die came somewhat suddenly and unexpected, yet he was quite ready. His last moments were exceedingly peaceful and calm. Death had no terrors for him . . . Having settled all his earthly affairs, and committed his family to the care of Him who hath promised to be a Father to the fatherless and a Husband to the widow, he ‘entered into rest.’ His body was interred in the Bolton Cemetery, not far from the remains of John Addleshaw, Robert Gray Mason, and John Cunliffe.” Beside the open grave J. C. Booth stood, a sincere mourner, as he had been when the remains of Addleshaw, Mason, and Cunliffe were deposited there. What an interest gathers around that Bolton Cemetery !



CHAPTER VIII.

GOOD WORK DONE.



" Fellow-workers are we : hour by hour,
Human tools are shaping heaven's great schemes,
Till we see no limit to man's power,
And reality outstrips old dreams.
Toil and struggle, therefore, work and weep,
In God's care ye shall calmly sleep,
When the night cometh."—MRS. EMBURY.

Mr. Booth was characterised by a spirit of Christian humility. Mrs. Booth beautifully says, " He had such a keen dislike to anything that indicated ostentation or parade of his achievements, that he rarely mentioned them." But others may mention them to his honour, and remember them for their own good. Mr. William Haigh, writing to us, says, " If ever you come to Birkenshaw, call at my house, and I will take you round our little village, and I will point out here and there groups of houses which are owned by individuals rescued from drink by Mr. Booth. I will go with you inside many of those houses, and ask the people, ' Did you know John Clegg Booth ? ' And their answer will be, ' We have very good reason to know him, for by his teachings we have been brought to these comfortable houses.' Scores of people in Birkenshaw could say this." Nor is Birkenshaw alone, for hundreds

of other places can testify to the material, intellectual, and moral good received from Mr. Booth's devoted labours. And besides his contact with individuals, and his addresses at public meetings, he did much good by organization; for he founded Bands of Hope and Temperance Societies in many towns and villages, thereby setting in motion numerous agencies for good which should continue to flourish after his sun had gone down!

Mr. Joseph Wild, of Huddersfield, has kindly furnished us with several reports of the Temperance Society's operations in that town. In the "Seventeenth Report," (October, 1850) it is stated:—

"Your committee engaged Mr. J. C. Booth, then of Bradford, to act in the capacity of temperance town missionary; and the following is a brief outline of his labours:—From the commencement of the year to the close of August, Mr. Booth attended 159 meetings, 93 of which were held in the town, and 66 in the country; 111 were held indoors, and 48 in the open-air; at 79 of these he was the principal, and sometimes the only speaker. 'During the first three months,' our missionary writes, 'we held eleven very interesting and important cottage meetings, in some of the worst parts of the town; and, for that purpose, we chose the houses where the greatest drunkards lived, none of whom objected to let us have the use of their houses; and we have reason to believe great good has resulted from these meetings, persons attending who would not when held at any other place. The friends in the neighbourhoods where they were held are desirous we should renew our visits of this kind. The outdoor meetings have been very well attended, especially in the Beast-Market, Castlegate and Upperhead Row, at each of which places one has been held weekly.' Our missionary has spent, altogether, 128 days in visitation, 101 of which have been devoted to the town, and 27 to the country; during which time, allowing him on an average to have met with two at each visit, he has come in contact with 6,280 individuals. Out of this number, those who have been induced to sign the pledge are 193, of whom 48 were drunkards, and of the 48,

eight were females; the whole of these are firm to their pledge. Besides the above labours, Mr. Booth has been engaged three weeks collecting statistics, obtaining signatures to petitions, and in other ways advancing the interests of the society."

This same report contains a few extracts from Mr. Booth's diary, required for the use of the committee, and given by them as samples of the good effected by his labours, one or two of which may be quoted:—

"My attention was first directed to D. G. by C. Evans, who had visited him often, and taken great interest in promoting the well-being of the family, by whom he is much respected. On my first visit Mrs. G. had but little hope of her husband's reformation. He was prevailed on, however, to attend the weekly meeting, at which he was much pleased. He signed the pledge, and all the family joined the society. April 19th I called at his house, and his wife informed me that he and the children were at the meeting on the previous Tuesday night, and, on their return, he gave out a melody 'like a preacher;' and they sang till her heart was so full that she retired to another room, where she gave vent to her feelings before God, to whom she prayed that temperance might bless every drunkard's home as it had done theirs."

Several other highly pleasing instances are recorded, and the report closes with this case:—

"Another case is that of D. J., with whom I became acquainted in January. Poor man! he had lost his religion, his character, and his health, and was on the verge of the grave, doubting the truth of the religion he once professed. He signed the pledge, went to the house of prayer, and has since found peace with God. He has connected himself with a Christian church, and he now praises the Lord for making teetotalism a means of bringing him to Christ."

In the "Eighteenth Report" (October, 1851) reference is again made to Mr. Booth's labours at Huddersfield. It is said:—

"The labours of your missionary have been prosecuted here throughout the year, except three months, which he spent in the Cumberland Union. His own report will give you a clearer idea of the nature and extent of these labours."

He states that from August 1st, 1850, to August 1st, 1851, he has attended 212 meetings, at 196 of which he was the principal or sole speaker; 127 of these were held out of the town, and the remaining 85 in the town; 71 out of doors, and 141 in-doors. He has spent 106 days in visiting; and, supposing him to have come in contact with two at each visit, he has met with 5,250 individuals. He has distributed 9,500 pages of tracts, and gained 798 signatures to the pledge. Mr. Booth submits the following from many cases of reformation that have resulted from his labours:—

“The first is that of A. E., who was blessed with religious parents, grew up a sober, intelligent, and virtuous young man; became a member of a church, but began to mix with society, and was soon led astray by its drinking customs; lost his religion, character, and reputation, and wandered about for many years a poor miserable slave to strong drink and its attendant vices. I met with him in lodgings, in Castlegate, like the poor man who fell among thieves, having been robbed of all that was valuable, except a desire to reform. He signed the pledge. In a short time he had a comfortable home, procured clothes and furniture, and went to the house of prayer. Has since become a member of the Church of Christ, and thanks God that in his case teetotalism has been the hand-maid to religion.”

“H. A. is an interesting case. He did not consider himself a drunkard, though he was drunk when I first met him. The drink which he and those he would treat consumed cost him a little more than eight shillings per week. He signed the pledge, and it answered so well for him that his men were induced to try, and the time and money formerly spent at public-houses are now devoted to business, which thereby he has been enabled considerably to extend. He and his men have become effective missionaries on the roads they travel, and are exerting a powerful influence for good upon many by their plain, earnest, and valuable testimony in favour of true temperance principles.”

The report adds:—

“It would be easy to multiply cases like the above, but these we think sufficient to convince any thinking minds of the beneficial operation of the temperance movement, and especially of the mission work which is carrying our principles to the firesides of the people; and thus not only gaining over the fathers, but the mothers and children, to the practice of total abstinence.”

Blessed work indeed, is this! Nothing nobler under the sun. Far better than the vapid talking of this day, is the work which can point to such results. Would that temperance men now could be induced to give more attention to this mission work, "which is carrying our principles to the firesides of the people." The Huddersfield Temperance Society has set an example of mission effort worthy of being imitated in every town of the United Kingdom. It has done itself honour. And yet it has not done all that it ought. In the two reports from which the above extracts have been taken, the entire sum received by Mr. Booth is only £132 16s. 7d., whilst £36 8s. of that amount was paid for his labours outside the town, and entered amongst the receipts of the society.

And we are grieved to learn that even this poor reward for such useful services could not be raised without some difficulty. In the Report of October, 1852, we find the following statement:—

"For want of funds, your Committee were under the necessity of dispensing with the valuable services of your late town missionary, whose efforts to reclaim the drunkard were invaluable; and many remain to bless the day on which they were induced by his arguments and appeals to sign the temperance pledge. The retiring Committee (like wise men!) would urge upon the public the importance of contributing liberally to the funds of the Society, that their successors may be enabled to employ another town missionary."

After a time, we find the ground occupied by other labourers; and in the report of October, 1856, Mr. Booth is at Huddersfield once more—

"They (the committee) have, in conjunction with the Huddersfield Auxiliary to the United Kingdom Alliance,

engaged Mr. J. C. Booth as temperance and Maine Law missionary.—The result of Mr. Booth's former labours amongst us, together with the good reports which follow him from Rotherham, warrant us in expecting that an impetus will be given to the movement, and a progress recorded in the coming year, such as has not characterised the past few years."

And Mr. Booth's presence did give an impetus to the movement; but the account of these fresh efforts we are compelled reluctantly to pass over—the "good reports which follow him from Rotherham" begin to attract our attention, and we must inspect them a little.

On referring to the *Advocate* for November, 1856, we find the following interesting statement:—

"For some years the cause of temperance has been suffered to live at 'a poor dying rate' in Rotherham. At last the Committee resolved to act more consistently with the great responsibility devolved upon them; and for the purpose of ascertaining the position of the movement, and of urging it more adequately onwards, engaged Mr. J. C. Booth for a twelvemonth. He commenced operations on July 1st, and his first quarter's report, hereunder given, is one of the most satisfactory and encouraging character:—'Number of public meetings held: out-door, 47; in-door, 4; total, 51. Of these 44 were held in Rotherham and Masbro', and seven in other places, besides having addressed four religious meetings and two schools; also taking part in a series of four meetings in conjunction with Mr. David Beale. I have devoted 45 days to visiting, or three and a half days per week for the quarter; distributed 12,600 pages of tracts, and 2,500 Maine Law sheets, or 15,100 pages of temperance literature, and sold over 21,000 pages of ditto. I have visited the town from house to house, and find adult teetotalers in Rotherham, 432; Masbro', 256; in connection with the Wesleyan Band of Hope, 30; total, 718. Children teetotalers under sixteen years of age in Rotherham, 187; Masbro', 60; Wesleyan Band of Hope, 160; total, 407. Of the above, 397 have signed during the quarter. 2 drunkards have signed the pledge, and twelve have broken away. Number of teetotalers in Rotherham, 612; Masbro', 506; total, 1,125. About twenty of these have broken their pledge, leaving us a total of 1,105. For the above we have

reformed drunkards in Rotherham, 118; Masbro', 50; total, 168; belonging to Christian churches in Rotherham, 87; Masbro', 25; total, 112; became such since signing the pledge, in Rotherham, 20; Masbro', 7; total, 27. According to a paper read before the British Association for the Promotion of Science, and subsequently submitted to Government, it appears that the average expenditure in each public-house in the kingdom is a fraction over £10 per week. This would give to Rotherham and Masbro' £44,200 a year, or £20 8s. 1½d. to every family of six persons. This may seem a very large sum, but it is not more than the average for the whole country. The London *Times* of 15th April, 1864, gives the following return by the Board of Trade, showing the quantity of wine, beer, and spirits consumed in the United Kingdom during the year 1853, dividing the entire population into families of six persons (parents and children):—'Each family must have had to drink in the course of the year 52 pints of spirits (a pint a week), 12 pints of foreign wine (a pint a month), and 1,080 pints of beer (not quite three pints a day).' Working men, calculate for yourselves the average cost to every family of the above compounds. Exclude the wines, as drank chiefly by the rich, and it is a fair estimate to suppose that 52 pints of spirits, at retail price, would cost about £6; 1,080 pints of beer, £9; total, £15.' In conclusion, Mr. Booth gave eight deeply interesting cases of reform, two of whom had joined the Christian Church, and six had begun to attend a place of worship."

This is the kind of report which follows Mr. Booth from Rotherham to Huddersfield, and from other places where it had been his lot to labour.

It had almost escaped our attention that for a time Mr. Booth resided in Birmingham, and that while there a partial break was made in his official connection with the British Temperance League.

We are laid under obligation to Mrs. Booth for some particulars of this Birmingham period—nothing further need be added by us:—

"Though happy in his labours, and devoted to the cause in which he was engaged, Mr. Booth had for some time felt anxious to be in a position to make some future provision for himself and family, and after much thought upon the subject,

decided to resign his connection with the British League, in order that he might feel at liberty to enter into business engagements, and at the same time serve the temperance cause. With a view to this end, he removed to Birmingham in 1861, and resided there about a year and a half. Commercially, this proved a success, and bid fair in a few years to place him in independent circumstances. But it was also evident that the more he prospered, the less time he would have to spend in temperance work. He felt that he had devoted his life to this, and that if he gave it up, it would be a secession from duty to which he could not reconcile his conscience. Shortly afterwards he retired from business, and a few months later, an opportunity offered for him to renew his engagement with the British League, which he heartily availed himself of, and which continued up to his death."

Since the Rotherham date is included in the period of his connection with the British Temperance League, and also the latter residence at Huddersfield, a few words of explanation may be necessary.

In the regular travelling agency of the League, the agent has often to be absent from home several weeks together, in some instances as long as three months; this is bitter experience to a man who has a wife and children—it involves a self-denial keen in proportion to the possession of an affectionate nature, and a sense of duty to home interests. We can therefore see how Mr. Booth's mind would cast about for an opportunity to be at once useful and to dwell on the home-hearth. And besides, a local agency has other advantages, inasmuch as it enables the agent to concentrate his efforts more directly and efficiently, whilst it is also more favourable to the pursuits of personal culture. We can perceive, then, why Mr. Booth on several occasions localised; why, for example, we hear of him at Rotherham, Huddersfield, Chester, and other places, in preference to daily travel. That his choice of this

course was not unacceptable to the Executive of the League may be judged from the following remarks by the editor of the *Advocate*:—"Mr. Booth is for the present rendering good service to the town of Rotherham, where, at the termination of his engagement, he will leave 'the impress of his teachings behind him.'" Mr. Booth's residence there extended over two years, and we can testify, from personal observation, that in the town and district around he has left a name of precious memory. It was from Parkgate, near Rotherham, that we received the first invitation to lecture on "the late J. C. Booth;" it came from the Good Templars, to which order Mr. Booth belonged. Scores of times they had listened with thrilling interest to his eloquent speeches, and now many of them have dwellings of their own, and are members of churches, to all of which they were helped by his visits. Their hearts are grateful at the remembrance of his work. During Mr. Booth's residence at Rotherham, besides being the temperance missionary, he acted as librarian to the valuable mechanics' institution in that town; and this ready access to so good a library largely assisted in increasing his stock of information.

The time Mr. Booth spent in Hull seems to have been as fruitful of good as the period of his residence at Huddersfield or Rotherham. On the occasion of several visits to that town, his name has often come up in conversations with temperance friends, who still revere his memory. It is, however, a source of regret that we are not able to lay before our readers the details of his labours in this thriving seaport town.

We have at hand only a few words, but they are not without weight, coming, as they do, from one who has been long and honourably known as a faithful temperance worker. Mr. John Stather says :—" So far as I knew Mr. Booth when in Hull, he was highly respected and extensively useful ; and it was with deep regret that we heard his valuable and useful life had been so early brought to a close." Hull, though recorded latest, was the scene of Mr. Booth's missionary labours before Rotherham ; but, indeed, strict order of this kind is not important in his case, for he was a frequent and ever-welcome visitor at these places up to the time when the strong man bowed himself, and his loved voice fell into the silence of the grave.

The following beautiful story was written by Mr. Booth's own hand, and he purposed publishing it, yet did not do so. Through Mrs. Booth's favour, we are enabled to give it a place in our sketch. It might have been put amongst the specimens of his style, in the sixth chapter, but it is one of our most charming examples of "good work done," and therefore finds its appropriate place here :—

"HARKER'S CASE."

"In a large manufacturing town in the North, about 25 years ago, and while daily passing from house to house, I was frequently referred to a drunken, dissipated man, who had impoverished his family. Before reaching his miserable dwelling, I became much interested in his case, and on knocking at the door, I was answered by a woman, to whom I said, 'Does a person of the name of Harker live here?' and she replied, 'Yes ; what has he been doing now?' evidently thinking I was some person in authority. On assuring her he had done nothing to me, she invited me to come in. I said, 'I want to see Harker : is he your husband?' Without replying to my last question, she asked,

'What do you want with him?' 'I have come to see if we can get him to become a teetotaler.' She shook her head, and replied, 'If that is all, you may as well go home; he will never be a teetotaler. He has been drinking for sixteen days, and would be off now, only he has no money, and can get no trust.'

"I said, 'It is time for some one to come; call him down, and let us see what can be done. If we do not succeed, we shall lose nothing; but if we should succeed, what a blessing it will be for you and your family.' Poor woman! she seemed to have no faith in her husband's reformation; but she roused him, and he came down, rubbing his eyes. 'Well, How are you?' In a low and desponding tone he replied, 'Half dead.' 'I have come to see if you will sign the pledge, and abstain from strong drink?' He opened his eyes and looked at me very earnestly as he said, 'Will you save a man's life?' I assured him of my willingness to do so. 'Then,' said he, 'you will do that best by paying for a half gallon of ale; I am dying for something to drink.' I pointed out to him that it was by taking half gallons, quarts, and pints he had been brought to poverty and want; and that now he stood on the brink of a fearful precipice, down which he might fall and perish, body and soul, and we could best save a man's life by his signing the pledge. We had a long conversation, and he ultimately said, 'Put my name down, then.' I wrote his name, he made his mark, and I left for a time.

"He told us afterwards, in a cottage meeting, where he gave his experience, that when he signed the pledge, he had no intention of keeping it; he only did so to get away from me; but as he afterwards laid upon his miserable bed, and thought over his past life and destitute condition, he arose, and for the first time for many years, bent his knees before God, and earnestly begged for help to keep the pledge, and live a better life in the future. We watched over him for months, trying to establish him in the faith and practice of abstinence. It was up-hill work with him for a long time, to get out of the debt and difficulty he was in through drink. After a hard struggle with poverty, there was improvement in his family and personal appearance. He attended a place of worship, soon joined the church, and became an earnest Christian worker.

"About this time I left the district, and often heard of Harker, though I did not see him again for ten years. Passing one day through the town where he lived, we unexpectedly met in the street, and accosted each other by

shaking both hands. There was an unusual amount of feeling displayed, which attracted the attention of passers-by, and one person was heard to remark, 'That man has been to Australia; he has just returned, and has met his father.' Had this been true, we could not have experienced more pleasure in meeting. I found he had left his former employment, and was engaged to visit the sick, read the scriptures, and point dying sinners to Christ. He had been thus engaged for four years, and remarked, 'I looked over my journal for the four years only last night, and ticked off those who had died happy in Christ through my past efforts.' 'And how many did you tick off?' 'How many do you think?' 'I really cannot tell; twenty, or perhaps thirty.' 'There are seventy-four.' I replied, 'Why, Harker, if these are your children instrumentally, they must be my grandchildren.' 'Yes,' he said, 'and when their grandfather comes to heaven, if they do not know him, I will point him out to them.' He seemed pleased with the idea of relationship. I have since been informed that Harker has joined the seventy-four in his Father's house above."

And by this time the *pointing out*, and a second embrace have been realised: seventy-five now!

In 1854 Mr. Booth several times visited the Lake district; for he was needed even in that lovely region. Indeed, there is no Edenic scene in England which has not been marred by the tread of the drink-demon. The one sad story of poor Hartley Coleridge awakens our deepest sympathy. The destroyer touched his genius, and helped to extinguish its light, on the very shore of lovely Rydal Lake. And now the poet, who was loved by all the people around for his genial and generous nature, sleeps near the grave of Wordsworth, in the churchyard of Grasmere, besides which the sweet Rothay ever murmurs as its clear waters hasten onward to the lake below. It is in reference to Hartley Coleridge—"a poor wayward one"—that the Rev. George Gilfillan writes, in his grand poem on Night, where these words occur:—

"Each wave, each pebble, and each mountain high
 Was emulous still, and not one sound
 Contended with the holy silence, save
 Thy voice, thou constant mourner o'er the dead,
 Rothay, blue darling of the poet's eye!
 A yew sepulchral bending o'er his dust;
 Long grass unstirred by any breath of breeze,
 Yet laden with a soft and soundless awe—
 There slept the poet-king of Cumberland,
 And of all simple scenes and hearts on earth;
 And at his feet a little grave proclaimed
 How a poor wayward one had stolen near,
 Even as a truant child has often crept
 In darkness and in silence to the feet
 Of an old sleeping sire, and nestled there."

And others besides this "wayward one," in that
 Lake district, have felt the bitter pangs which only
 drunkards know. The cold waves of the lakes can tell
 how many have sought to cool the fevers of their
 brain by a last sad plunge into their cold depths:—

"One more unfortunate,
 Weary of breath,
 Rashly importunate,
 Gone to her death!"

Mr. Booth's labours, so greatly needed, were highly
 acceptable and very useful in the neighbourhood of the
 Lakes. The *British Temperance Advocate* for January,
 1855, contains a brief report of them. It is from the
 pen of William Wilson, who now resides at Ulverstone.
 We met him there in the autumn of last year. He is
 a member of the Society of Friends, has an honoured
 name in the district, begins to bend with age, but looks
 upward for the dawn of the day eternal! The joy of
 youth seemed to return as we conversed about those
 days when he was the secretary of the Windermere
 Temperance Association, and about our mutual friend,

J. C. Booth. We were glad to find that in regard to temperance Mr. Wilson's "eye was not dim, nor his natural force abated."

The report of January, 1855, is as follows:—

"During the present and preceding months, we have had the stirring advocacy of your excellent agent, J. C. Booth, whose earnestness and consistent zeal in the good cause, joined to his pleasing manner as a lecturer, have brought him overflowing audiences. J. C. Booth has rendered himself decidedly popular throughout this district, and has greatly promoted the progress of the work we are engaged in—the breaking up of those fatal drinking, drunkard-making customs with which we feel bound to maintain an unceasing war. As a proof of the impression made amongst our working population, the young men of Ambleside entered into a subscription for the purpose of showing to J. C. Booth some mark of their appreciation of his character and lectures. The result was handed to him in public, and at the close of his lecture at Ambleside on the 1st December, being a neatly bound volume, 'The Poetical Works of the late William Wordsworth.'"

It would appear that for some time after this Mr. Booth was absent from Ambleside, prosecuting his arduous labours in other parts of the country. In 1863 he was residing at Chester, and from that place sent a brief letter to Mr. Richard Hogarth, the zealous and able secretary of the Temperance Society at Keswick. In his letter, given below, it will be seen that he makes a humorous reference to Ambleside, which now seems to obstruct his way to Keswick:—

"September 12th, 1863.

"MY DEAR SIR,

"I cannot fix the date of my visit to your town yet. The friends at Ambleside have some difficulty in making their arrangements—'Another Pharaoh arose which knew not Joseph.' I think the clergyman, who is the president, has some objection to the arrangement. He may have to

inquire who I am, as I have been so long out of the district. All will come right in time. I will write you soon enough for proper notice.

“ Kind regards,

“ From yours truly,
J. C. BOOTH.”

In the manner we have described, Mr. Booth continued his zealous labours ; whether obstructed or not, his energetic soul never despaired. But in less than ten years after writing the above letter, other and more serious obstructions came in his way. At length he is compelled to yield—the labourer lays down his tools and peacefully retires to his rest !

The next chapter will furnish some particulars of the closing scene.



CHAPTER IX.

AFFLICTION AND DEATH.

“ At length to gaze ; and, where no clouding sin
Perplexes reason, find all mysteries dark
Which sadden earth with their o’erwhelming gloom—
In the vast light of vindicated Heaven
Resolved forever !—Yes, the body’s death
Is but the breaking down of prison-walls,
To let the spirit into boundless light.”

R. MONTGOMERY.

For a considerable period Mr. Booth was afflicted with disease of the throat. It was observable several years before his death that his once powerful voice had begun to fail ; yet for a time the only alarm we felt was lest he should become unable to speak. But worse symptoms followed. There is reason to believe that the affliction arose from exposure to cold air on leaving heated rooms, and from too much work. Very frequently he travelled a long journey, addressed Bands of Hope at an early hour in the evening, and after that an adult meeting, sometimes speaking at the latter for an hour and a half or two hours. No doubt it is convenient to speak to the young apart from the adults—and he ardently loved the young, and delighted to address them—but it was too much for his strength. Yet let us not rashly censure him, and talk of other

kinds of intemperance besides that of drinking, for it is one of the most difficult things in the world to an earnest soul carefully to measure out his available power. Jesus spake at Jacob's well when He was weary, and at length gave out His life for the world's good. Is it not safe to imitate Him? And is it not possible for a man to lose his life even while he seeks to save it? Still, Mr. Booth might have done more by attempting less. We have not his diary or other notes, enabling us to speak precisely of the number of his meetings, the length of his journeys, &c., but we can refer to those of another labourer in the same work, and in doing so find the following facts:—In the year 1859 this temperance lecturer travelled 8,414 miles, slept in 165 beds, and delivered 224 lectures, besides preaching many sermons, paying visits to friends, &c. Such was the kind of work Mr. Booth had to do; often, in the summer months, addressing large audiences in the open-air, and sometimes labouring under the disadvantages of lonely effort, to which we have already referred. It can hardly be a subject of wonder, then, though one of great regret, that his throat should have become diseased, and his natural strength have given way.

In February, 1872, Mr. Booth was compelled to cease from his labours. In one of his letters to Mr. Atkin, secretary of the League, dated 22nd February, he states: "I can hardly be heard in these small chapels (at Threap Wood), and so I could not possibly be heard in the large rooms at Liverpool and Warrington." The next day, writing from the same place, he

says: "I had a hard struggle to get through the meeting last night. The friends are not willing to give up the meeting to-night; so I will do what I can, and go home in the morning." On April 13th he is still at home in York, looking hopefully to the future. His words are: "Please present my thanks to the Committee (of the League) for their liberality. I hope my health will be such that I shall be able to render the cause good service for many years to come." In the same month he goes to Ilkley, and early in May is once more at York. He is anxious to be doing something, although lecturing is out of the question, and therefore says to the committee of the League: "Finding my voice so weak I was incapable of doing anything, I went to Ilkley and put myself under the water treatment. My general health is improved, but my voice is not much better. I have come home believing that the little exercise necessary in collecting (subscriptions for the League) will do my voice good. I am unhappy out of work, when every temperance man is needed in the field." Brave worker! his great loving heart was in his work. Collecting is tried, but soon has to be given up.

On the 3rd of July he has reached Bournemouth, and writes to his dear friend, Mr. Atkin, to say: "I have pleasure in reporting our arrival here. It was a long, but, upon the whole, a pleasant journey. We have got a nice place, close up to the sea. I have seen the doctor, who has examined me, and pronounced my lungs sound,—the throat contains all the mischief. The day was far spent, or he would have continued his

examination internally ; he will do it to-morrow. I suppose it requires a strong light to throw enough into a man's throat to light up so dark a place." On July 6th, he reports that the doctor thinks he has taken a turn for the better, and thanks Mr. Atkin for a "good laugh," occasioned by "some of your remarks." And it is a pleasure to us to find that the numerous letters which Mr. Booth sent to the secretary of the League clearly show how anxious Mr. Atkin was to cheer his afflicted friend's heart. His efforts were not in vain ; and we feel under deep obligation to Mr. Atkin, both for his great kindness to Mr. Booth, and for allowing us, even reluctantly, to read the sufferer's letters, and to make a few extracts therefrom.

Mr. Booth was highly sensitive to acts of kindness, and grateful to all who showed him any sympathy. He declares, July 9th, "The kind warm sympathy of the friends at Scarborough (attending the League Conference) has done me as much or more good than medicine ; by our esteemed president, the committee, and all the friends of the Conference, there was manifested a kind and affectionate concern for my health which I did not expect."

At the end of July he underwent an operation in London. In order to relieve the diseased glottis, and by rest give it a chance of recovery, an opening was made into the wind-pipe, about where a gentleman usually fixes his neck-tie ; and in this opening a tube was fixed, through which, henceforth, Mr. Booth had to breathe, instead of through his mouth and nose. We have lately seen such a case in a gentleman

residing in Manchester, only he has so far recovered as to be able to attend a little to his business. But for Mr. Booth there came no cure; he gradually wasted away.

We are in possession of two beautiful letters relating to his condition about this time. These were received by Mr. J. W. Petty, of Leeds, who has kindly placed them at our disposal. Mr. Booth and Mr. Petty were dear friends; they had talked together on the deeper questions which stir men's souls, and now the afflicted one feels at liberty to refer to them again. But he shall speak for himself:—

“Glassington House,

“Bournemouth,

“July 17th, 1872.

“DEAR MR. PETTY,

“I ought to have written to you before now, but I wanted to send you some favourable news. My general health and breathing are a little better. The doctor works hard, and works me hard; he means to cure me if he can. His directions are, *not to speak at all*, no, not even in a whisper, if it can be avoided. Within doors before six p.m., not to breathe through the mouth, the throat must have *perfect rest*. He would have bound it up like a broken leg, if he could have managed it. Mrs. Booth is suffering from disturbed rest, otherwise she is well, and in better spirits than I am. We sometimes say, ‘Lord help us to do and suffer thy will.’ It is at times hard to suffer His will. I have often to cry, ‘Lord help me.’—I hope to have better news in a few days. Our united love to you and Mrs. Petty.

“From yours truly,

“J. C. BOOTH.”

When he writes the second letter the genial climate of Bournemouth has been left for the metropolis; he has gone there to see what the surgeon's skill can do for him. This letter is very precious; it reveals the

deepest swell of his life-sea. We can with difficulty hold our pen to transcribe it :—

“56, Beaumont Street, Portland Place,

“London, W.,

“August 12th, 1872.”

“DEAR MR. PETTY,

“I have pleasure in dropping you a line to say I am coming round very nicely. I have had a clever doctor, a good nurse, and the blessing of God ; no wonder I should get better. God has been good to us all the way by which he has brought us since we left York. You had no idea how weak I was when we came to London ; I have been kept in an almost upright position for a month, not able to lie down night or day. When the doctor here saw me, he said, ‘A week longer, and you would have been too weak to undergo the operation.’ When the day for the operation came, I was very feeble in body, but never more calm, clear, or strong in mind. I had a desire to live a little longer, if it pleased God ; but, if He in wisdom had willed it otherwise, in the name of Christ, and in sight of His cross, I was prepared to render an account of my poor stewardship. It was not hard to go to the operation room, with a desire to live, yet willing to die. We had no chloroform or alcohol for the operation, as I wished to know and feel all that a kind Father was willing for me to suffer. I have been well nursed. My wife and daughter watched over me night and day until I was out of danger. I am gaining a little strength every day, and hope soon to be able to come home for a short time. We shall have to come again (to London) in October, to have the tube taken out of my neck. I have not breathed through my mouth or nose since the operation, a fortnight ago, but through a tube in my neck. We believe the operation, so far, has been very successful.—We shall be glad to hear how Mrs. Petty is getting on. Hope to have favourable news from you in regard to her and the family.

“Kind regards,

“From yours truly,

“J. C. BOOTH.”

Three days before writing the above letter, he had sent one to the secretary of the League, who published it in the following month's *Advocate*, after gaining Mr. Booth's reluctant consent. It con-

tains many things in common with the letter sent to Mr. Petty, but, nevertheless, we place it here for the two following reasons: First, because of what is *not* contained in Mr. Petty's letter; and, second, on account of that which the repetition proves. It proves that those beautiful allusions to his condition of mind at the time of the operation did not describe the mere ebullitions of the moment, but the deep and settled feelings of a genuine Christian heart. And it shows also that he who was generally reticent on matters of his inner life now feels that to the glory of God he must publish in this way His loving-kindness. We are not without hope that Mr. Booth's declarations at this period will strengthen our faith in God, and also assist in the relief of some who, through fear of death, are all their life subject to bondage. This is the letter:—

“DEAR SIR,

“I am glad to be able to write you a few lines, and so far give evidence of favourable progress. I am gaining strength every day, and am now able to walk about a little. We have discontinued the night nurse, which will give our people an opportunity for rest.

“What an unexpected turn my case has taken! At Scarborough we thought of a change of climate, and perhaps a voyage. I am glad I went to Bournemouth, because it removed all doubt of any relief from that source.

“My case is a special one, and special means were necessary; and I believe God in his kind providence directed me to London. I am in the hands of the most skilful and experienced man in town in diseases of the throat. He said if I had been a week later I should have been too weak to undergo the operation.

“You have no idea how weak and feeble I had become. I had been kept in an *almost upright position for a month*—not able to lie down night or day, and in a half senseless condition by the remedies used. When the time came for the operation, though feeble in body, I never was more calm or strong in mind, and able to bear all that a kind Father might see necessary for me to endure.

"They commenced the operation by freezing the fore part of the neck. After the operation the surgeon said, 'You may give him a little wine now,' My wife (who had been present all the time) defended, or rather *protected* me from all danger from that source.

"I am in the hands of a good and clever physician, but like most other good things, his fees are high. His consultation fee was four guineas, and every time he sees me a guinea. The operation fee was ten guineas, and the physician for superintending it five guineas. Since we came to London we have paid £40 in medical fees only. Dr. Mackenzie requested me to take lodgings near his residence, which happens to be in rather an expensive part of London. My wife and daughter being with me, we have managed without a professional nurse. Our expenses now are at the rate of £12 a week, including medical attendance; so I need not tell you I shall be glad to leave London as soon as possible, as it is not the rate at which a temperance agent ought to live long.

"It is a great consolation to my mind to feel that it is by the kind providence of God we are here, and that all has gone on satisfactorily since we came to London. It may seem a little strange that the day on which the operation took place was one of the most blessed days in my life. In my weakness of body I was made strong in the Lord, and enabled to feel a free man in Christ. I felt that if God would spare me, I should like to live and work a little longer; but if He willed otherwise, I was prepared, in the name of Christ, and in sight of His cross, to render an account of my poor stewardship. With these feelings it was not hard to go to the operation—a desire to live, but willing to die. It was a great day of spiritual joy to me.

"Dear Atkin, I have had a long talk to you to-day, and I must bring my letter to a close. Hope you enjoyed your out, and are better.

"Kind regards,

"From yours truly,

"J. C. BOOTH.

"56, Beaumont Street, Portland Place,
London. W., Aug. 9, 1872."

On August 19th he writes from London:—

"Many thanks to you and the friends for so many kind letters. It is very hard work to remain here so long, while all the world seems on the move. My companions in arms, Gregson, Hardy, Horne, Sergeant, and Ward, have all been more than kind in sending very encouraging letters, for which I am glad, and feel all the better."

On the 29th of August he writes to Mr. Atkin again. He has some thought of going to Lytham ; has turned Douglas over in his mind, but does not relish the voyage thither. He says: "I feel much better to-day ; have been in the City, visited the Strand, and Holborn, and walked by Oxford Street home." On the 2nd September he is still in London, on the 8th York has been reached, and the 10th finds him at Blackpool, after a long and wet journey. Three days later, he writes once more to the secretary of the League. His heart is again touched by human kindness :—

"There is something *in the manner* in which my salary has been sent that has affected me much, especially to-day. It came, not only so frankly and generously, but promptly. Dear Atkin, my heart is too full to write at length to-day. I have had so many kind letters from friends, full of sympathy and affectionate inquiries, that I cannot control my feelings. I will write you again soon."

On September 18th Mr. Booth mentions that Mr. W. Gregson, of Blackburn, had been to see him. They had long been brother agents of the British Temperance League. We have had an opportunity of talking with Mr. Gregson about this visit to Blackpool. Mr. Booth was much changed when they met. He was very weak, and sat on the shore, looking calmly on the restless sea. His heart was overjoyed to see his friend's interest in going so far to visit him. A description of the scene would require a better pen than ours to do it justice ; but it is a too noble tribute to sincere friendship to be wholly passed over. When the two friends met, Mr. Booth threw his arms around Mr. Gregson's neck, and embraced him as if he had been a child ! The bare fact speaks well for them

both, and it proves that human friendship did not die with David and Jonathan, or with Damon and Pythias. What a loveliness there is in these friendly relationships of temperance men—as shown by this incident, and throughout Mr. Booth's letters—when contrasted with the forlorn and outcast life which always accompanies the wretched companions who herd together at public-houses! These temperance men loved each other, and loved, too, their lost and sinning fellow-men who had become the victims of the drinking customs.

In the month of September Mr. Booth was hopeful of recovery. This is evidenced by the following interesting letter, which Mr. W. Haigh has kindly sent us:—

“3, Abingdon Street, Blackpool,

“September 24th, 1872.

“DEAR MR. HAIGH,

“I have often heard of your kind inquiries after my health. At a time when I never thought of seeing you again in the present life, it was pleasant, and did me good, to hear of the kind and warm sympathy of friends in all parts of the country, and no letters were more welcome than those from Birkenshaw. I am coming round nicely. I am only 28lbs. lighter than I was when last at Birkenshaw. I hope now to have the pleasure of coming to your village again some time. Kind regards to friends Clarkson, Pitts, Stephenson, and all the dear friends of the good cause, and believe me,

“Yours truly,

“J. C. BOOTH.”

Some other letters have come into our possession, which give evidence that Mr. Booth was long oscillating between hope and fear—at one time seeing a speedy recovery, and at another time almost instant death. The 21st of October has come, and he has returned

from London to York ; has also been to London again. He reports to Mr. Atkin as follows :—

“On Tuesday I was pleased to have a note from you. I did not feel much the worse for my journey (to London), so I waited in pretty good spirits to see Dr. Mackenzie. After an examination, he said it would not be safe to take the tube out now, the cartilage is so far at fault that it will not be safe to proceed with the case at present. He advised me to return home, and attend to remedies which he would give me, and to come again in a month, when he thought the cure could be completed. It is uncertain how long I should have to remain. I saw him again on Thursday morning, and received instruction in the use of the new remedies. During the day it came on very cold, and while I was crossing Lincoln's Inn, the wind seemed to blow through me. In the evening my face, neck, and head began to burn most intensely. I was almost beside myself until three o'clock in the morning, when relief came in a profuse perspiration. I was glad to be able to come home on Friday morning, I never spoke, or attempted to speak, from leaving Chapman's Hotel (London) until I got home to York. Home was never more precious than after that long wet journey. I went to bed on Friday and remained there until Sunday afternoon. I am only weak and poorly to-day, and it may take me several days to get over it. I have strong hopes of getting through before Christmas, and, if it please God, I should like to know by that time the *best* or *worst* of my case for the future. I hope I am not over anxious about the future, but I should like to be able to form some idea of its probabilities by the end of the year, so far as concerns my connection with the League. For the present I must wait and suffer, and try to say 'Thy will be done.' I fear I cannot utter these words with my whole heart, but I believe the Lord will help me.”

On the 21st of November there are gleams of hope still. He is in the Hospital, Golden Square, London, and now states: “I am under treatment, and hope soon to report improvement. I think they will open my throat here ; they have force enough to send the steam through a brick wall.”

November 30th has arrived ; Mr. Booth is still in the Hospital. He writes :—

"When I came my neck was much swollen, and raised the tube out of its place, which made breathing difficult, and disagreeable to those near me. Dr. Mackenzie examined me the first day I was here, and he said, 'the cartilage of the right side of the throat is pressed over almost to the left side.' He called the attention of several doctors to it, who examined it by the lime-light. The swelling of my neck is now nearly gone, the tube has got to its proper place, and the breathing is easy. Dr. Mackenzie examined my throat again on Friday (yesterday), and said there was an improvement, and I must persevere in the inhalation of medicated steam. It seems difficult to remove the inflammation at the top of the throat, and I fancy nothing can be done until it is removed. Several wonderful cures have gone out since I came—cases of long-standing—which give me great confidence, and enable me to wait more contentedly. Everybody about me is very kind, and I am as comfortable as I can be from home and friends."

On December 8th he is not quite so hopeful. But by the 16th the horizon gets brighter:—

"I am beginning to feel the benefit of the changes made in my treatment last week. The doctor says we are getting on nicely. He would rather I waited a little longer than adopt stronger means for the removal of the tube. Christmas will soon be here; I shall feel rather an outsider this year, especially as to temperance festivals."

Dear Booth, there are no more temperance festivals for *you* in this world; your lot now is to suffer on and die!

The year 1872 closes darkly. He writes to Mr. Atkin on the 30th December:—

"I hardly know what to say about myself; I am better, and worse again. The treatment has been heavy for me in my weak condition. We have allowed a quantity of *bad* or *proud* flesh to grow in the wound, and the process of burning it down is very painful, especially in the night, when I ought to sleep, but cannot. I am expecting the passage through my mouth to open every day; it feels near, but does not come. My wife came up on Friday. I fancy she had heard of my being in bed a day or two the week before. I will hope on, and work on (God helping me), and whatever the result

should be, my friends may be satisfied that everything which could be done has been done to save or prolong my life."

The new year, 1873, opens more brightly than closed the 30th of December. Mr. Booth writes from London, to the secretary at Bolton, January 6th:—

"DEAR ATKIN,

"I have pleasure in writing you again, though we have not much to write about in the hospital but pain and suffering, which are not interesting topics for distant friends. I have improved since I wrote you a week ago; my neck begins to feel like the one I used to have. I am so glad to be a little better—to have a little more life and hope. I hope the Lord, in His good providence, will continue to bless me. I think I could say more to you and the committee about anybody else than I seem able to say about myself. I have no difficulty in telling you when things are going well, but when they are not so favourable, I have. You will begin to settle down again to business in the new year—to battle with the old foe. God bless you in your work. I long to be with you again, but I must watch and wait, and hope that God will allow me, by-and-bye, to watch and work.—Hoping you are well,

"I am,

"Yours truly,

"J. C. BOOTH."

It must have been a cheering occupation to him in the Hospital to write friendly letters to old companions in the distance. It would relieve his mind of the monotony which was inseparable from such a place. On the 7th of January, therefore, another letter is dispatched to Mr. Atkin:—

"I shall not leave the hospital in haste," he says. "There is nothing very pleasant in it as a place to live at, but here I have medical skill, the means of applying their remedies, and the quiet and attention I cannot have elsewhere. I do not expect to leave before the end of February. By that time I hope we shall have signs of fine weather, and (should the Lord in His good providence spare me to see and feel the warmth of spring) that it may fully restore me to health.

. I was interested with the report of the re-opening of the Temperance Hall. I could almost hear the speakers."

All is not dark yet. Read this London letter of the 27th January :—

"DEAR ATKIN,

"I am glad to be able to report more favourably of myself this week. Every day I have improved a little since you were here, and I feel stronger than I have ever done before since I came to London. I am thankful that God has so far blessed the means used, and hope He will continue His blessing, and then all will come right again. I hope you feel fresh and strong again after your run out for a few days. There is something very pleasant to an old traveller to be on the 'road.' (Dear Booth's 'ramble-about-a-tive' faculty is getting stirred up!) I should feel young again in looking for 'Bradshaw,' ready for the 'road.' Kind regards to you and the agents."

The above extract is the reflection of the last glimmer of hope in London. Here is a letter dated "London, February 9th," which throws shadows on our expectations :—

"DEAR ATKIN,

"I have only had a poor week; my sufferings from the cold have been great, especially in the night; many nights I have had to sit up five hours, with a cough that gives me little rest until daybreak. The Lord is gracious, and by His grace I am resigned to His will. I should like to go and have a little rest at home. I trust it is not wrong, friend, to desire this; if it please God, I hope to realize it. Should the Lord think it best that my poor sinful life should end here—praise His name—heaven is as near London as York!—Should we have a change in the weather, I shall have relief in breathing.—Dear friend, Atkin, pray for me that I may 'be ready' when the Master shall call.—Love to you, Mrs. Atkin, and the friends, from

"Yours affectionately,

"J. C. BOOTH.

"P.S.—Should I get any worse, I will have you informed.
—Yours, J. C. B."

Letter writing is now drawing to a close ; but the few lines that remain are profoundly interesting. The 14th of February has come. It is now a year since the patient sufferer was able to speak in public, either in large or small rooms. Let us see, then, what he says to Mr. Atkin on this 14th day of February :—

“I have been a little better to-day and yesterday. I was much affected by your letter this morning, to hear of the prayers and sympathy of the committee for me. I am receiving letters from some of the best men in our cause, to show their sympathy for me in my suffering, and manifesting their concern for my eternal well-being. May the Lord answer their prayers in His own way and time. Thomas Whittaker came to see me this afternoon. Many thanks for your more than kind offer to come and see me. I have an impression that I shall pass away suddenly. My throat is in such a condition that any day may be my last; and yet with a little more strength I may recover for a time. The doctor spoke yesterday of a change of climate, and he has it now under his consideration. If he should recommend my return home, I shall understand it.—Thanking you for all your kindness to me,

“I am, dear Atkin,

“Yours truly,

“J. C. BOOTH.”

On the 17th of February he is a little better ; feels more cheerful ; inquires about Mr. Gregson's health ; says he has received a letter that morning from Mr. Hardy, and wishes his kind regards to be given to Mr. Horne : then follows the last letter from London to the secretary of the League. It is as follows :—

“London, February 19th, 1873.

“DEAR ATKIN,

“Your favour to hand. I drop you a line now to say that Mrs. Booth is coming up to-day, and if the weather is favourable I shall return home with her to-morrow. Hoping for a fine day,

“I am, dear friend,

“Yours truly,

“J. C. BOOTH.”

The long "waiting and watching" is not yet ended, but a great change has taken place. It seems the purpose of God that the released spirit shall go to heaven from York, although York is no nearer heaven than London. The wish to die at home shall be gratified. We shall soon see how our charming companion and friend passes through the last conflict; how, having lovingly and patiently

"Learned to labour and to wait,"

he is at length permitted to enter into rest.

The opening spring-tide of 1873 found him very weak at his home, 29, Penley Grove Street, York, where he had resided with his dear wife and daughter since the year 1866. It was every way befitting that his life-scene should close there. In a letter to us several years ago, from Plymouth, he observes, "We hope to reach Yorkshire early in June—good old Yorkshire!" He is in "good old Yorkshire," then, and at home!

Previous to his death, Mr. Booth was frequently visited by the Rev. E. D. Green, of the Methodist Free Church, York. Mr. Green bears cheerful testimony to Mr. Booth's simple faith and Christ-like trust in his last illness. In a brief note in answer to some inquiries, Mr. Green writes:—

"York, June 14th, 1873.

"MY DEAR FRIEND,

"In reply to yours, I must seize a few moments at once, for I am off to a distance for three days' service. I am a bad one to remember sayings of dead friends. In reference to Mr. Booth, I did not know him until the latter part of 1871, when symptoms of throat derangement had appeared.

"However, from the first interview I felt myself strongly drawn towards him in respect and esteem, and all my subsequent visits only increased the feeling. This has not always been the case with me in my visits to the sickly, but it was so with him; nor do I think it was unreciprocated. I am persuaded that his prospect of death had no tinge of dread. Naturally cheery and hopeful, his faith in God sunned his usual buoyancy with a radiance more than human. Nor did I ever hear aught of murmuring. If wearied in the tedious waiting, he was willing to remain His time who wisely ordereth all that is. He was sweetly poised between the exhaustions of rapture and the taciturn moroseness of depression. Whoever was allowed or not allowed at any time to see him, I must always do so when I called, if only to offer a prayer and depart. You will remember that shortly before he left us, he said to Mrs. Booth, 'The room is peopled, don't you see them?' Such rare 'dissolving views' were given to him; the vision and views of earth fading, and the sight and scenes of the land beyond coming into use.

"Kind regards,

"Yours very truly,

"EDWIN DAVID GREEN.

"The room is peopled." This expression demands more than a passing notice. Mr. Green had spoken of it when we met in York, and now in his letter assumes that we remember the conversation. It should be borne in mind that Mr. Booth could only speak in the softest whispers, with his finger stopping the tube in his throat; yet, what words are these! "The room is peopled! Don't you see them?" Ah! the spirit world lies nearer to us than often we think. It is not the erratic and inexperienced chiefly who behold these visions on a death-bed, but the grave-minded, the intelligent; persons of experience.

A young man died in one of our colleges a while ago; he was bright in intellect and of a pious disposition. Just before expiring he exclaimed, "I have

received a *new* sense!" It seemed thus with Mr. Booth. Surely he had "received a new sense" which enabled him to see "the room peopled."

His death took place on April 24th, 1873, at the age of 54 years. On the morning of his departure he was weak and wearied. He lay with his face to the window, which was towards the east. It was 4.50 a.m. when he expired, just as the sun arose over the eastern hills. It threw one bright beam on his face—the first of the morning, and the last of earth to him! What could there be in common with the setting life and the rising sun? Even this: The sun rising here was setting to those more eastward, just as the spirit of dear Booth was setting to us; but the same spirit was rising to glory even as the sun rose to its meridian splendour.

"What! soar'd the old eagle to die at the sun!
Lies he stiff with spread wings at the goal he has won!
Are there spirits more blest than the 'planet of even,'
Who mount to their zenith, then melt into heaven—
No waning of fire, no queuching of ray,
But rising, still rising, when passing away?
Farewell, gallant eagle! thou'rt buried in light!
God-speed into heaven, lost star of our night!"

The account already given in this chapter of Mr. Booth's illness and death is pretty full, and sadly interesting; yet we cannot close the subject without an important addenda, which Mrs. Booth has well supplied. Several reasons will be suggested by the reader's own mind why the following statement should have a place here, notwithstanding that in a few particulars there may be the semblance of repetition in our narrative:—

"During the autumn and winter of 1871, Mr. Booth's voice became seriously affected. It was with great difficulty he could make himself heard in public speaking; nevertheless, he believed his audiences were under the impression that the effort cost him more pain than was really the case, and he not unfrequently made some playful apology, in order that they might listen comfortably. The short intervals he was able to spend at home were eagerly hailed as seasons of rest, and for the application of such remedies as might tend to soothe and strengthen the voice. When February set in, it seemed as though he would get through the winter, and that relief and restoration might come with mild weather. Just at this time he was unfortunately put into a damp bed, and this induced a severe cold, from which he returned home prostrate. Medical aid failed to restore the voice, but the calmness and fortitude with which he endured this, combined with a perfectly healthy constitution, and his habitual cheerfulness, led all friends to hope that by exercising patience, and perseverance in the means used, it would eventually be regained.

"Mr. Booth looked forward to the conference of the British League in June with much anticipation, and seemed very wishful to meet his friends there. This wish was gratified, and he was able to enjoy a reunion with them. They seemed anxious he should try every means to procure a restoration; and Dr. Townend, of Liverpool, kindly gave him an examination, and advised a voyage to America, if he could gain sufficient strength to undertake it. Friends generously came forward and desired him to set his mind at rest with regard to the expense, as they would either give or raise the necessary moneys. Thus the way was providentially opened up; and after mature consideration, and asking for God's guidance in the matter, Mr. Booth decided to take the advice of his medical attendant at York, and spend a few weeks at Bournemouth. It was thought that the exhalations from the pine groves in which this Hampshire bower of greenery abounds would prove beneficial. He was accompanied by wife and daughter, appeared to enjoy the journey, and not to feel more fatigue than might have been anticipated. For a few days it was hoped his strength would increase, but these hopes were not realized; and though in his surroundings there appeared to be everything that could promise restoration, the disease rapidly developed, and it was feared he would not be able to reach home. The doctor advised his immediate return, and urgently desired him to pass through London and consult Dr. Morell Mackenzie. Three weeks

earlier, the long journey to Bournemouth had afforded Mr. Booth considerable pleasure; but now, a four hours' ride caused him much distress and weariness. Fortunately, his friend Mr. Hardy, who was in London, came to meet him, and he, with other kind friends, united their efforts to minister to his comfort, and alleviate his distress.

"Dr. Mackenzie advised an operation, and directed his removal into lodgings, that he might be under his immediate care. The breathing had now grown very difficult, particularly at night, when it seemed as though each respiration would be the last. The crisis was not hurried, but it dawned gradually upon the patient's mind that, apart from this operation, there was no chance of life, and within an hour or two of his free acquiescence, it was performed. The night previous was a peculiarly distressing one; it was spent in broken prayers and cries to our Father in heaven for help; but with the morning dawn came peace and confidence. He partook of a comfortable breakfast, rose, and dressed. When the doctor arrived he prepared himself, and with perfect confidence and self-possession laid down upon the bench, and resigned himself to the surgeon's lance. He appeared to fall into a partial stupor, and scarcely to be aware that the throat was laid open. The application of ether spray and ice, to freeze the parts, proved a merciful alleviation; and upon the introduction of a silver tube, through which he would in future breathe, the respiration became as easy and noiseless as that of a little child. The change was marvellous, and he smiled pleasantly on all around him. During the afternoon Mr. Jabez Inwards called and took tea, and Mr. Booth intimated upon a slate (for he was forbidden to speak) that he wished to be placed at the table and join the circle, and he contrived to create a fund of amusement and interest throughout the meal. He continued to progress satisfactorily, and remained about five weeks under Dr. Mackenzie. It is only due to this good physician to say that the urbanity and courtesy which characterize his interviews with patients, together with his kindly consideration for their comfort, and desire to render their surroundings as pleasant as circumstances permit, win for him the golden opinions of those who are under his care.

"By his advice, Mr. Booth again went to the sea-side, and sojourned three weeks at Blackpool to recruit his strength, with a view to remove the tubes before winter set in, if the throat should be sufficiently healed to admit of it. The season was advanced, and the weather unfavourable; notwithstanding this, Mr. Gregson, who came from Blackburn

to see him at this time, was favourably impressed with the progress made.

"After a short stay at home, he again consulted Dr. Mackenzie, and was much pleased with the idea of being able to undertake the journey alone. The removal of the tubes, if practicable, would prove a long and tedious process, and he might have to remain under the doctor's care several months, so we thought it best to make arrangements for entering the Hospital for Diseases of the Throat, over which Dr. Mackenzie has medical charge. The day before Mr. Booth left London was bleak and keen; true to the simple habits of his ordinary life, he preferred walking to a sheltered ride, took another severe cold, returned home prostrate, and seemed to be under the impression that it was a fatal attack. He suffered much, but rallied a little; and as there was no medical relief to be obtained at home, he felt anxious to make an effort to reach the hospital. His exposure to the air, even for a short time, seemed a serious risk to encounter, but in accordance with his earnest desire, preparations for his removal were made. A few days afterwards Dr. Mackenzie told him that when he entered, the cartilages from one side of the throat had grown over to the other side, and the opening that remained was a mere crack. During his three months' stay here, the medical efforts were concentrated upon keeping the throat open, and it is a source of much comfort to his friends to know that he received very kind attention from Dr. Mackenzie, and every alleviation which could minister to his relief. His good constitution and cheerful spirit, which was ever inclined to look upon the bright rather than the dark side, enabled him to second the doctor's efforts in all that was likely to promote his recovery, but it gradually opened up to him that he was growing weaker and more weary. The increasingly restless nights, during which there was no rest, and no easy place to be found, and the almost sitting posture which the nature of the wound obliged him to maintain, were wearing him away. There was also the separation from friends and relations, whose ministrations would have been so welcome. Notwithstanding all this, he was calm and cheerful, affable to his nurses, and trustful in his heavenly Father. It had become difficult for him to write even sheet notes to his friends, but there breathed a spirit of resignation. When convinced that medical aid could do no more for him, he felt desirous, if possible, to return home.

"One afternoon in February, 1873, a very welcome note was received from him, stating that the doctor had given him permission to leave. In less than twenty-four hours a

friend had arrived to escort him, and within the next twenty-four he was gratified by reaching home. The day he travelled was the mildest and brightest of the season; a few hours later, severe cold set in, and had one day been lost, it is probable he would never have returned.

"He lingered for nine weeks, gradually declining, and experiencing several painful crises, each of which he hoped would have released him from his sufferings. The throat was so tender and enlarged that the effort to speak became increasingly difficult, and at times for long periods he could only make himself understood by signs. He was much cheered by the visits of many private and public friends, particularly those of one whose hope-inspiring ministerial consolations frequently afforded him spiritual aid. With these he could not interchange many sentiments, but their presence suggested pleasant themes for after meditation. He mentioned with much satisfaction the pleasure it gave him to remember that he had earnestly striven to be true to his duties in his advocacy of the cause to which he had devoted his life. Weakness and weariness were especially trying to him, as he had been accustomed to enjoy such excellent health, and he often expressed a desire to depart and be with Christ. Sometimes, after a distressing season, he could say, 'This poor man cried, and the Lord heard him.'

"During the last week of his life, he suffered from frequent intervals of insensibility, and did not seem fully conscious of much that passed around him. On the night of the 23rd of April, it was evident death could not be far distant; he was strangely animated, and looked radiantly happy and resigned. Throughout the night he frequently essayed to speak, but was unable to utter a distinct sound. The physical distress was great owing to his being obliged to remain perfectly upright in consequence of the cough. At intervals he took nourishing drinks, and about half-past three o'clock on the morning of the 24th seemed to look eagerly at a cup of coffee, prepared for one of the family. It was offered to him, and he drank it with avidity. His attention then seemed to become absorbed by some presence that had not before been visible, and looking round the room with a clear, far-seeing gaze he said, in a remarkably penetrative whisper, and with an angelic smile, 'Why! this place is peopled; did you not know it?' The joy upon his features grew more radiant as the glories of heaven dawned upon him, and the bright forms of its inhabitants seemed thronging to welcome him home, and again he said very earnestly, 'Did you not know it was peopled?' Apparently, one from among these approached very near, which his eye followed with loving confidence until it rested above him.

"Something reminded him of his throat, and he expressed a wish that the bandages should be changed. This had been done only a short time previously, and was a much dreaded operation on account of the difficulty in breathing it caused, but as he seemed very wishful they should be renewed, the tubes were removed from the throat. Consequent upon this there was a dislodgment of phlegm. After twice endeavouring to remove this with a small instrument he was in the habit of using, he laid it down, and calmly folding his hands together, fell asleep in Jesus. Wan and thin was the face from recent suffering, but within a few hours after death, so natural were the features, and placid and spiritual their expression, that we naturally wonder whether the happy spirit has power to influence the body after its departure. Truly death was swallowed up in victory."

The following brief letter from Mrs. Booth first informed us that her dear husband's mortal strife had ended :—

"Thursday evening.

"DEAR MR. BALMER,

"Mr. Booth passed away this morning about five o'clock. Two months ago he requested me in case of his death to write to you and ask you to come and conduct the service at his burial, if your engagements permitted you so to do. The funeral is arranged to leave the house at one o'clock on Tuesday next. If you could let us know, it is important you should do so per return of post.

"In much haste,

"Yours very truly,

"MARIAN BOOTH."

Our answer to the above can best be given by transcribing the terms of a short letter :—

"12, Heywood Street, Cheetham,

"DEAR MRS. BOOTH,

"April 25th, 1873.

"Your letter has just reached me. At a time like this human language fails. We seem to hear the divine words, 'Be still, and know that I am God.' I pray our Heavenly Father to sustain and comfort you in this hour of need. I cannot refuse to comply with dear Mr. Booth's request, and will arrive (D.V.) in time (at 11.30 a.m.) on Tuesday.

"Yours affectionately,

"J. S. BALMER."

The next chapter must tell how loving hands bore J. C. Booth to his grave.

CHAPTER X.

THE BURIAL.

“ I like that ancient Saxon phrase which calls
The burial-ground God’s Acre ! It is just ;
It consecrates each grave within its walls,
And breathes a benison o’er the sleeping dust.

Into its furrows shall we all be cast,
In the sure faith that we shall rise again
At the great harvest, when the Archangel’s blast
Shall winnow, like a fan, the chaff and grain.”

LONGFELLOW.

The day of Mr. Booth’s burial was a day of grief to many hearts. On the morning of April 29th we travelled from Manchester to York. At the Leeds station we met Mr. J. W. Petty, and Mr. Richard Horne, agent of the British Temperance League. Our recognition was of a mournful character, for we all loved the departed. At the York station we were joined by many friends of the deceased, including Rev. E. D. Green, Messrs. W. Gregson, T. Hardy, George Ward, John Sergeant, J. Eddy, Jonathan Smith, Joseph Bradshaw, William Haigh, Mrs. Ward, and others. And the venerable Joseph Thorp was there also. We journeyed in groups to the home where lay all that was mortal of our dear friend. And what a change !

His cheeks, once broad and full, were now long and thin ; his face, so ready at other times to brighten with a smile, remained unchanged in the presence of us all ! As we stood gazing upon the silent clay, his thoughtful and sorrowing wife (widow now) said, " If we cannot all sleep together, we may all awake together ! " Even so. The utterance was true and striking—it was Scriptural : " Marvel not at this ; for the hour is coming, in the which all that are in the graves shall hear his voice, and shall come forth."

" These ashes, too, the little dust
Our Father's care shall keep,
Till the last angel rise and break
The long and dreary sleep.
Then love's soft dew on every eye
Shall shed its mildest rays ;
And the long-silent dust shall burst
With shouts of endless praise."

H. K. WHITE.

At the appointed time we followed him to his grave, in the beautiful Cemetery at York. All had been arranged by himself before his death. Death, to him, had no terrors. The hearse was plain, as he had desired it ; no nodding plumes, no parade,—he was himself to the last. His brother-agents were the pall-bearers. He had mentioned this arrangement to one of them, and at the same time remarked, " The agents of the League have had enough of bearing one another to the grave ; I desire that others should bear me, and that they will bear the pall." His mind was dwelling upon the funerals of T. B. Thompson, John Addleshaw, and Robert Gray Mason ; and upon those of John Cunliffe and E. F. Quant, who had

been borne to their graves by himself and other friends. These departed ones had often been in Mr. Booth's thoughts during his illness. On one occasion, when Mr. R. Horne visited him, he spoke of his love for his old companions in toil, and then stated that he must turn his thoughts upward to the happy abode of those whose names we have just mentioned—he had begun to anticipate more fully that higher fellowship which he should forever have with the glorified in heaven.

An interesting account of Mr. Booth's death and burial appeared in the *British Temperance Advocate* for June, 1873, a portion of which we will now lay before our readers:—

“ Mr. Booth's remains were laid in the Cemetery at York. A host of sorrowing friends attended the funeral; and while the Rev. J. S. Balmer—an old companion in arms—addressed the people in the chapel, and Joseph Thorp, Esq., the esteemed president of the League, spoke to the mourners at the grave side, the audible sobs and the fast-falling tears evinced the sincerity of their grief. As it was said of the Master when he stood at the grave side of his friend Lazarus, so it might be said of them—‘ Behold, how they loved him !’

“ ‘ Calm on the bosom of thy God,
Fair spirit, rest thee now !
E'en while with ours thy footsteps trod,
His seal was on thy brow.

Dust to its narrow house beneath,
Soul to its place on high !
They that have seen thy look in death,
No more may fear to die.’



“ In the Cemetery Chapel the Rev. J. S. Balmer, of Manchester, read the 90th Psalm and a part of the 15th Chapter of 1st Corinthians, after which he delivered the following address :—

“ The gates of death have been opened to our dear friend, John Clegg Booth, and it is befitting us to linger near these gates whilst in the silence of that grief which no words can express, we may profitably meditate awhile. We have come hither, pilgrims from distant places, to discharge a solemn duty towards one whom we all knew only to love and honour him. His presence was ever welcome in our homes and hearts. Wherever he went he carried with him healthy social and moral influences ; his genial nature threw sunshine and happiness on our rugged life-paths. Doubtless some here have been attracted to him by sympathy with his earnest and laborious efforts to spread many good principles, and especially by his able and devoted advocacy of temperance. I have known Mr. Booth for about twenty years, have had frequent intercourse with him both in public and private, and I do his memory but the faintest justice by declaring that I have never known a truer man. He was a friend of the poor, a helper of the down-trodden, an honest hater of all meanness, and a sincere servant of Jesus Christ. As a friend, his faithfulness and magnanimity were above all praise. As a coadjutor he won the love and admiration of all his fellow-labourers ; and there are but few here this day, looking through their tears, whose hearts are more deeply affected with a sense of their loss than those brave British Temperance League agents, and other officials of the League who have, like the departed, ‘ borne the burden and heat of the day.’ The deceased was distinguished by a splendid spirit of wholesome humour, and by an intense love of fair-play. He never detracted from the work of others that thereby he might build up his own reputation. It was Mr. Booth who first won my heart to love the blessed temperance work. His manly eloquence made me at once and forever the friend of temperance, and of him, its consistent and able exponent. This day, and in other days to come, many will bless his revered memory. But our chief

comfort is in knowing that his record is on high. He needs not our weak words of eulogy ; his life is before us to plead its own cause, and the least expression of censure would fall perfectly powerless ; for his ransomed and happy spirit is now in the presence of God, at whose tribunal the tongue of reproach cannot injure, or the lip of flattery avail. Yet we may be pardoned for doing ourselves the justice to pay those few words of tribute to our friend's loved memory. Temperance brethren, let me speak a word to you :

“The work of our late companion is now ended. That warm hand we loved to grasp, and that warmer heart which once welcomed us, at this moment lie before us cold and still. His bright eye is clouded by death ; and his fervid lips, which once held thousands spell-bound, have no answer to our affectionate presence this day. If he could but speak he would bid us God-speed in our warfare against the strong-drink demon ; he would command us to bear high our temperance flag, and never to allow even its fringes to trail in the street ; he would bid us to rest never, tire never, cease to pray never, till the last intrenchment of our nation's direst foe should be destroyed—till the enemy of God and man should be annihilated, and our bleeding country delivered from the infernal drink-curse. It is thus his life speaks when his lips are motionless. We know something of the work he did, and of the valuable speeches he delivered ; but the best of all his speeches is presented in the upright character he has left us, and the work he has done will never perish.

“ ‘ True men can never fail ;
Whoe'er oppose, they must prevail ;
Opponents die and are forgot—
Work done for God, it dieth not.’ ”

“And now our thoughts turn to those who knew the departed best of all. Whilst the wounds of your hearts are still open it may appear folly to speak to you of your great loss ; but I would admonish you lovingly. In the midst of the grief which this sad separation has occasioned, do not forget the infinite source of your strength. ‘God is a stronghold in the day of trouble, and He knoweth them that trust in Him.’ And are there not many causes of thankfulness in relation to him whose remains are

before us? Let God be thanked for the life of uprightness and usefulness which He enabled the deceased to live—for the memory of such a husband and father; let Him be thanked that he gave your loved one grace so to live that death's terrors were disarmed, and heaven's glories unveiled to his expectant eye. Has not God given His beloved sleep? Hesitate not, then, to say reverently and freely,

“ ‘What though in lonely grief I sigh
For friends Beloved, no longer nigh,
Submissive still I would reply,
Thy will be done.

If Thou shouldst call me to resign
What most I prize—it ne'er was mine;
I only yield Thee what is Thine—
Thy will be done.

“Brethren, as we this day stand by the door of ‘the house appointed for all living,’ let us remember our latter end, and speedily prepare for it, if till now such a needed preparation has been delayed. It is foolish and wicked to postpone the preparation of our souls for eternity until the moment when the freezing grasp of death lays hold upon our vitals. It was not so with him whose winding-sheet here wraps his lifeless clay. And why should it be so with any of us? Let us act as intelligent and earnest men, who know they must give an account of their stewardship to God, and who know they may have this to do soon. A few years ago, Sir James Outram was buried in Westminster Abbey, when amongst the mourners in that venerable edifice was Lord Clyde, whose tears fell on the flags beside his friend's grave. Only a few weeks passed away, and then Lord Clyde himself was buried there by the side of his late companion in arms. It may soon be so in our case. Others may gather around our tomb, as we are assembled here. There will, however, be small cause for regret if only life's great work is done. Let each of us, then, nerve himself for the task! Here let us gather fresh strength for our toils, and then go forth better men for having borne to his last rest the dear friend of our past years.

“And now, brethren, we must hasten to the grave, and, like grief-stricken Abraham, ‘bury our dead out of our sight.’ But whilst we do this, let us not deny ourselves of Christian consolation. ‘Jesus Christ hath

abolished death, and hath brought life and immortality to light through the gospel.' Our brother shall rise again; for 'The hour is coming in the which all that are in the graves shall hear Christ's voice, and shall come forth.' Recently a long and sombre winter has passed away. While the winter remained, the tree-roots and flower-roots lay hidden in the earth; they gave forth no foliage to the one or fragrance to the other; yet the roots were not dead, they only slept. Behold them at this moment in the glory of spring-tide! Leaves and blossoms appear on the trees, the flowers bloom in beauty, and scatter their sweet perfume around us. So shall it be at the resurrection spring-tide. Our beloved friends who have died in the Lord, and who sleep in the winter of the grave, shall rise from the darkness and silence of their sepulchres, and go forth to bloom in everlasting loveliness in the paradise of God. Thither, we are glad to believe, the spirit of our dear friend has gone already. Then

“ Rejoice for a brother deceased,
Our loss is his infinite gain;
A soul out of prison released,
And free from his bodily chain.
With songs let us follow his flight,
And mount with his spirit above,
Escaped to the mansion of light,
And lodged in the Eden of love.”

“The Rev. E. D. Green, of York, who had visited Mr. Booth during his illness, then offered prayer, after which the sorrowful procession moved slowly to the grave. The pall was borne by the agents of the League, who felt deeply their great loss.

“Mr. Balmer read the service for the dead at the grave. This concluded, Mr. Green gave out a few verses of Wesley's hymn, commencing

“ ‘Hark! a voice divides the sky—
Happy are the faithful dead.’ ”

“On the conclusion of the service, and whilst still surrounding the grave, the President of the League addressed the assembled mourners as follows, or to the

same purport ; first repeating the text from the burial service—‘ I heard a voice from heaven, saying, write, blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth. Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labours ; and their works do follow them ’ :—

“ How strikingly applicable are these words to our beloved friend, whose mortal remains we have just committed to the grave. As President of that society in which for so many years our friend J. C. Booth was a faithful labourer, I feel it due to his memory and worth to testify to the high appreciation in which he was held by every officer of the British Temperance League, as well as by that vast number by whom in his earnest advocacy of true temperance he was so well known and deservedly esteemed. We mourn his loss ; yet as we stand around the open grave, ‘ we sorrow not as others who have no hope,’ believing, as we assuredly do, ‘ that Jesus died and rose again, even so we know that them that sleep in Jesus will God bring with him.’ We believe our departed friend is one of the blessed dead who ‘ sleep in Jesus,’ that he now ‘ rests from his labours ’ of useful love, and that his works of faith do follow him. Our friend felt it to be his mission to labour in the temperance cause, to which he devoted the powers of his mind and the strength of his body. Perhaps he laboured over much ; but in the spirit of self-consecration he was cheerfully willing to spend and be spent in so beneficent and blessed a service. His labours as an agent were not confined to age or class, but I would point to his rather special qualification to address the young. In Sabbath schools his loving genial spirit made him universally acceptable. His work is done, but not a little fruit thereof remaineth. Many witnesses will doubtless be found in heaven, and his record is now on high. There are now standing around his grave fellow-labourers with him in this good work, by whom he was much beloved. They have cordially wrought together for years through the chequered phases of temperance experience, through evil report and good report. Some present can even now recall times when

their drooping spirits have been cheered, and their faith confirmed, by his counsel and encouragement. My friends, is there not on this solemn occasion a renewed call to each of us to remember that we too must very soon appear before the judgment seat of Christ? In unwavering faith in the merits and all-atoning sacrifice of our Lord Jesus Christ, and in dependence on His grace, may we each so occupy the talent entrusted to us that in the end we may, like our beloved friend, hear with rejoicing the blessed words, 'Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord.'

The *Advocate* also contains the following from the *York Herald*:—

"Mr. J. C. Booth, died on the 24th ultimo, in this city, at the age of 54. The deceased, who was the senior agent of the British Temperance League, was known throughout the kingdom as an able and popular advocate of the temperance cause. Although resident at York, his labours were very widespread and onerous; in fact, it is known to many of his friends that to the energy, devotion, and earnestness of these labours, especially in connection with open-air addresses, is to be attributed the severe and protracted illness which terminated in his death. The funeral of the deceased took place at the York Cemetery on Tuesday afternoon last, in the presence of a large number of friends and fellow-workers in the temperance cause. Some of the principal temperance organizations in the country sent deputations to represent them on the occasion—the British Temperance League being represented by Mr. J. Thorp, J.P., Halifax, father of Mr. Fielden Thorp, York, who was also present; Mr. T. Monkhouse, York; Mr. J. Bradshaw, Bolton; and Messrs. W. Gregson (Blackburn), R. Horne (Leicester), Thomas Hardy (Manchester), and J. Eddy (St. Ives, Cornwall), agents of the League, were also present to pay a last tribute of respect to their senior brother-officer. Some of the vice-presidents and members of the executive from Leeds, Bradford, Huddersfield, and other West Riding and Lancashire towns, were at the funeral, as well as representatives of the various lodges of Good Templars in the York district, to which order the deceased also belonged; the president, vice-presidents, and committee of the York Temperance

Society; the officers of the Band of Hope; and two representatives of the United Kingdom Alliance—Mr. Ward, of Leeds, superintendent for Yorkshire, and Mr. Sergeant, of Southport. The Rev. J. S. Balmer, of Manchester, assisted by the Rev. E. D. Green, of York, officiated in the funeral service, the first-named minister also delivering an earnest and impressively appropriate address. He was followed by Mr. Joseph Thorp, who very feelingly alluded to the earnest and devoted labours of the deceased, eulogised his many virtues, and deduced from that solemn occasion many arguments for greater zeal in promoting the great and glorious cause of which the deceased was so able an advocate. The proceedings shortly afterwards terminated."

On Friday, September 26th, there was another funeral, which took place in the burial ground of the Friends' Meeting House at Halifax—it was the funeral of Joseph Thorp. Scarcely five months have passed since he delivered his telling address by the side of Mr. Booth's grave; and now this grave is open at Halifax to receive his remains! What a lesson of mortality!

This good man died at the age of 70, in the town of Llandudno, whither he had gone for change of air. It is a charming place. There is natural majesty in Great Orme's Head, there is artificial beauty in the town itself, and the boundless ocean day and night is an

"Impassioned orator with lips sublime,
Whose waves are arguments which prove a God!"

Joseph Thorp has entered upon that boundless world above, where, untempted, unobstructed, and tearless, he will soar away amid infinite enjoyments! His works do follow him. Our readers may find a beautiful tribute to his fragrant memory in the *British Temperance Advocate* for November, 1873.

CHAPTER XI.

TESTIMONIES TO WORTH AND USEFULNESS.

“ That life is long which answers life’s great end,
The tree that bears no fruit deserves no name.”

“ A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches, and loving favour rather than silver and gold.”

Sometimes we feel indisposed to peruse a biography beyond the point where the grave closes, or the Cemetery gates are shut. But in this instance let us master our indisposition, if such there be, and read thoughtfully the following independent and valuable testimonies from several prominent and able temperance reformers. Their words are an essential complement to our sketch of J. C. Booth’s life. These testimonies prove that there is but one opinion with regard to Mr. Booth’s enterprise and devotedness as a leader in the temperance ranks; that as a lecturer he was able and useful, and as a friend ever faithful and greatly beloved. They also indicate the extensive existence of the conviction that Mr. Booth’s character and work are not unworthy of some permanent record. This we have done our best to supply, and now ask the reader to give deliberate attention to the several writers below.

Mr. James Mason, of York, acted for several years as Honorary Secretary of the York district, under the auspices of the British Temperance League. In this capacity he obtained a considerable acquaintance with the League agents, and is therefore well able to bear testimony to Mr. Booth's labours in that locality. It is pleasant for us to say that Mr. Mason was always deservedly respected by the agents whose appointments he arranged, and that his ability as secretary, and his zeal as a temperance labourer, did much to keep alive the societies in the York district. Mr. Mason is a member of the Society of Friends—a society which has done noble work in the world for God and man,—and with true Christian tenderness he refers to the closing hours of Mr. Booth's life. Here is what Mr. Mason says:—

“Heslington Road, York,
“11th mo., 18th, 1873.

“MY DEAR FRIEND,

“Although unable, from the lapse of time, to remember any particular incident in connection with the public life of my late friend, John Clegg Booth, which would be suitable in the sketch of his life, yet, having had the directions of his labours during three months when he was engaged as agent and missionary of the York Temperance Society, and on several occasions when lecturing in the York Temperance District Union, under the auspices of the British Temperance League, I can testify to his fidelity to the temperance cause, and to the zeal and earnestness in which he performed the work assigned to him. He was thoroughly devoted to his work, and his delight seemed to be to labour to promote the glory of God and the welfare of his fellow creatures; and, through the divine blessing, success attended his efforts; and of him it may be said, ‘The blessing of him that was ready to perish came upon him,’ and he ‘caused the widow’s heart to sing for joy.’

“I visited him on several occasions during his painful and protracted illness; and it was pleasant to see him so peaceful

and resigned—trusting not in good works, but solely in the free mercy of God through Jesus Christ. And in one of my last interviews, when unable to converse much, he said, ‘My work is done, and I am now waiting.’

“Trusting that the work in which thou art engaged as a labour of love may be blessed,

“I remain,

“Thy sincere friend,

“JAMES MASON.

“To James S. Balmer.”

Mr. Jonathan Smith has sent us two of Mr. Booth's letters. We regret they did not arrive earlier. One of them has been, in the main, anticipated by letters to other correspondents; but the other ought to have had a place on a previous page. Rather than lose this, however, we will link it with Mr. Smith's testimony. It both expresses Mr. Booth's sentiments in an interesting way, and shows how anxious he was to cheer a co-worker even when his own strength had failed him. A few sentences may be omitted and the following given:—

“York, June 8th, 1872.

“MY DEAR FRIEND,

“Your favour found me at home, yet without voice, and only poorly. . . . I am glad to hear your health is good, and hope you will keep your spirits up. Yes, it is no joke to be from home three or four months at a time: far from home and friends, and sometimes not having the best accommodation in the world; and then people say, ‘You have a nice job of it, you temperance lecturers!’ I wish some of the rogues would try it for a time. Yes, these things are painful and discouraging, yet, it is a grand thing and a noble mission, to wander among the sons of men, to give utterance to the warm and earnest thoughts of your heart, and then pass on to the next post of duty. It is through pain, continued labour, suffering, and disappointment that our poor nature is lifted up to God. It is in these the true man learns, and from them a full, brave, and noble manhood is brought forth.

"Look up, brother; God bless you. I have often been near you in your work, but could not help you. For this life your work is poor and unprofitable, but in the light of truth and heaven, it is great and glorious. . . . I am sorry you have not done well with the books lately. You must not be discouraged; often when I expect too much I fail, and succeed best when I expect least."

"The conference is next week, at Scarborough; I have just received a list. I hope to get down for one day, just to meet the agents and friends, then home again. Many you know are to be there. With best wishes for your health and success,

"I am,
"Yours truly,
"J. C. BOOTH."

It is gratifying to include the following letter in these testimonies to Mr. Booth's memory. It appeared in the *Temperance Advocate* soon after his decease. The writer has since then been added to the list of agents on the staff of the League. We are pleased with his brotherly words, and glad to be reminded that the Executive of the League acted towards Mr. Booth with such a spirit of Christian generosity:—

"DEAR SIR,

"With your permission I should like, through the columns of your journal, to express my deep sorrow and regret at the lamented decease of your late agent, J. C. Booth. For many years we were acquainted. I have been at his home; he has been at mine. Walked with him a boy the streets, attended meetings together, and he ever was the same—genial, hearty, kind, and true.

"During his long illness he sent me many letters, all couched in Christlike, truthful, trustful terms—thankful for what he had been able to do, but ready to depart if his work was finished, and his Heavenly Father saw fit to remove him. He is gone. We shall see him no more. That voice so persuasive, that manner so winning, that eloquence so bewitching and effective, will never more be exercised this side the tomb.

"He is gone to rest: he rests for ever
Where sin and sorrow shall trouble him never."

"The temperance cause has lost one of its ablest exponents and defenders; the British League a faithful servant; the agent a steady and true friend; an aged mother one of the best of sons; a wife one of the best of husbands; and a daughter one of the best of fathers. Farewell! beloved friend.

"May we meet thee on the peaceful shore:
The parting word shall pass our lips no more.

"The British League Executive deserve the greatest thanks for their behaviour through the whole of his trying affliction, not allowing him to die before considering what should be done by way of remembering his many years of faithful and devoted service. They did not neglect him while living, and then honour—empty honour—when dead. No; but a generous, hearty, liberal support was accorded throughout his whole affliction. For that meritorious kindness may the blessing of Him that maketh rich and addeth no sorrow ever be theirs. Sympathizing with all who mourn the loss of Mr. Booth,

"I remain respectfully,

"JONATHAN SMITH.

"Wiveliscombe, Somerset,

"May 16th, 1873."

The reference in the above letter to an "aged mother," &c., reminds us of a brief conversation we had with two of Mr. Booth's sisters on the day of his burial. One of them was a few years older than himself, and her sisterly words gave us a high estimate of Mr. Booth's worth in the closer intimacies of life. It is frequently said that to know a man fully you must see him at home; and the assertion is not without truth. The sister of J. C. Booth told us that their mother was still living; that she was over 90 years of age; that as a son he had been very good to his mother; and that a better brother no sister ever had. What other evidence can be required to prove that the genial man of the platform was also a true man at home? If further proof should be desired, we might

refer to the indirect testimony of his bereaved wife, whose words have entered at some length, and with becoming modesty, into our present sketch. But the curtain need not be raised further ; we have heard and seen enough to satisfy us that wherever Mr. Booth might be, he endeavoured to keep his conscience void of offence before God and man,—he strove to do his duty in every relation of life.

The following tribute to Mr. Booth's memory formed part of an article which was published in the *Temperance Advocate* for June, 1873, and is evidently the product of the able and genial editor's pen :—

“THE LATE J. C. BOOTH.”

“So his life has flowed
From its mysterious urn, a sacred stream
In whose calm depth the beautiful and pure
Alone are mirrored, which though shapes of ill
May hover round its surface, glides in light,
And takes no shadow from them.

“It was said of one of our sweetest poets, that Nature after making him immediately broke the mould in which he had been formed, and cast it away, intending that his complete resemblance or parallel should never again appear in the world. However strongly we might be tempted, we dare not make a similar assertion in reference to our dear departed friend ; but we aver that in all our intercourse with men, we have never met with a more genuine, truthful, upright, manly character than he whose loss we now deplore. The space at our command prevents us from dwelling so lengthily as we could wish upon the various traits in his character, but we may indicate one or two of the most prominent of them.

“Probably the most peculiar quality in the character of our friend was his high Conscientiousness. No one with whom we were acquainted had a more scrupulous regard to conscience than he. With him, what conscience approved of and attested was an obligation ; it had all the

force of a law, 'made sacred, made above all human laws, holding of heaven alone, of most divine and indefeasible authority ;' and he was determined to obey, whatever the consequences might be.

"Another peculiar quality in the character of our friend was his strict Integrity. By integrity we do not simply mean sincerity or honesty, but that which the derivation of the word interprets it—wholeness, soundness, uprightness, purity. It is no perversion of the psalm to say that the life of Mr. Booth was a striking illustration of the description there given of the character of a good man—'He that walketh uprightly, and worketh righteousness, and speaketh the truth in his heart. He that backbiteth not with his tongue, nor doeth evil to his neighbour, nor taketh up a reproach against his neighbour, in whose eyes a vile person is contemned, but he honoureth them that fear the Lord.'

"There were other striking features in the character of the deceased over which we should like to linger, but must content ourselves with saying he was generous and warm-hearted, and was ever ready to help the needy and those who were struggling to gain a position in the temperance movement. He was earnest and active, never yielding to fatigue ; and on the platform he was exceedingly eloquent, as many of our readers can testify.

"In 1853 Mr. Booth became an agent of the British Temperance League ; and since that time, with the exception of a brief interval during which he was engaged in business, he continued to labour under their direction, —and a more faithful, honest, and self-sacrificing labourer never entered into the service of any association. No task was too hard for him to perform, no sacrifice was too great to be cheerfully made, so that he could only accomplish good. None but those who have had the direction of his labours know how much time he devoted to Christian work over and above what was required of him as an agent of the League. Through his instrumentality blessings unnumbered have visited the abodes of wretchedness and want. The name of J. C. Booth was like oil poured out in numberless English homes, and thousands of hearts will be made sorrowful by the intelligence of his

comparatively early death. We know of no one who was more beloved and respected, and deservedly so, for during the 26 years of his public life he carried sunshine into every place he visited, and never left a shade of sorrow behind him."

Reference has already been made to Mr. Booth's labours in the West. We invited assistance from Mr. John G. Thornton, of Bristol, for many years the able secretary of the Western Temperance League; and, although Mr. Thornton modestly thinks he cannot afford much help, we are very unwilling to omit his interesting statement, which is as follows:—

"MY DEAR SIR,

"I am pleased to hear of the work on which you are engaged. My knowledge of our dear departed friend, Mr. J. C. Booth, was of too limited a character to enable me to render you any assistance. My first acquaintance with Mr. Booth was when I resided at Leeds, and he was the temperance missionary at Huddersfield. I remember him then lecturing with great acceptance. Mr. Booth on two or three different occasions served our League as agent, and always with much efficiency and popularity. He uniformly commanded the respect of the societies he was appointed to visit and the Executive under whose auspices he lectured. I regret that I cannot send you any printed matter, or give you any personal estimate which would serve your purpose.—Our late fellow-labourer did a work in his day of which we are now reaping the harvest—he laboured, and we, who survive, enter into his labours. May we have the same fidelity, consistency and success which were his prominent characteristics! With our united regards,

"I am,

"Yours faithfully,

"JOHN G. THORNTON.

"November 8th, 1873."

Dr. F. R. Lees has done us the pleasure to communicate, in answer to our request, a brief estimate of Mr. Booth's life and labours. No book relating to temperance is perfect from which the distinguished

name of Dr. Lees is omitted. His brilliant talents and great erudition have won him a world-wide fame; whilst his affable disposition and consistent devotedness to the work of temperance have endeared him to many hearts. May God long spare him to wage war against England's great foe! Temperance friends generally will not fail to be interested in what Dr. Lees has written about Mr. Booth:—

“Dublin, November 11th, 1873.

“MY DEAR MR. BALMER,

“I am pleased to hear that you contemplate publishing a lecture *in memoriam* of our late friend, J. C. Booth. His long, consistent, and useful labours in our cause can hardly be put on record, however imperfectly or briefly, without tending to encourage and to inspire other labourers in the great field, where more workmen such as he are urgently needed. I did not know him so intimately as some of you did, but I learnt to love him as an earnest and faithful advocate, and as a genuine man. As a speaker full of humour and power, I have listened to him with delight; and have recognised in the impetuousness of his nature, and his boldness and bravery, attributes that specially fitted him for the conflict in which he was engaged against the corrupting agencies of the day. He is already greatly missed in the work, and we may be long before we look upon his like again. The reproduction of his character and life from your pen will doubtless be gratifying to a host of his sorrowing friends throughout the land.

“Yours truly,

“F. R. LEES.”

Mr. Richard Hogarth has kindly communicated a few lines respecting several of Mr. Booth's visits to Keswick; and these are not without interest. He says:—

“Mr. Booth first visited us about 22 years ago, and we still retain some fruit of his labours, with many pleasant recollections of his wit and humour. During one of his visits a member of our society was commencing to build himself a house, when Mr. Booth honoured him by laying the foundation stone; and besides that he laid the foundation of our

good cause deep in the hearts of many of us." [Ah, Mr. Hogarth, J. C. Booth was a foundation man !] "But for him we might never have possessed the good things of this life which it is our happiness to enjoy, or have had our minds turned to think of the life which is to come; in fact, we cannot number the blessings which have come to us through his labours. As an example of his unique humour, I may mention this incident:—Mr. Booth had been absent from Keswick for three or four years, when he paid a visit in company with his good wife. He loved to breathe the fine mountain air, or to enjoy a row on the lake whenever he visited us. But, like many others who come our way, he had to take the weather as he found it. On this occasion the rain fell fast and heavy, as it sometimes knows how to do here. He and Mrs. Booth stayed at a temperance hotel, and we were ignorant of their presence in the town. The rain continuing, and they being unable to go out, Mr. Booth rang the sitting-room bell, and when the hostess answered his ring he said to her with his usual humour, but not a little to her surprise, 'do any of the visitors to the lakes ever hang themselves?' Of course she was not aware that any ever did, and as she could not change the weather there was nothing for it but to remain inside. Hanging was rather too serious a thing, even in wet weather, and Booth did not hang himself. The weather cleared up, and with it came a clearer soul-outlook. When Mr. Booth was leaving the hotel, he made himself known, and left kind regards to the secretary and committee of the Temperance Society. The last time I ever had the pleasure of shaking hands with our dear departed friend was in Corporation Street, Manchester. He then said it did him good to meet old friends. This was not long before he ceased from his valuable labours."

Our readers will thank us for giving them the pleasurable opportunity to read the words of Richard Horne, a veteran and an uncrowned king amongst our faithful toilers. He has long been an agent of the British Temperance League, and loved by all who have known him. The encroachments of age may be seen upon him, but in spirit he renews his youth like the eagle. If you question him about his condition, he will perhaps answer, in his unique way, "I feel quite

larkish!" Whilst so fresh and witty, he possesses, as he has ever done since we knew him, a noble generosity of heart, and a deep affection for every good thing. His communication, the reader will see, is quaint, clear, and loving:—

"22, London Road, Leicester,

"January]1st, 1874.

"DEAR BALMER,

"As you are about publishing a memoir of my late brother-agent, J. C. Booth, I write to say that I feel it to be a great honour to have laboured with him for so many years. We had one aim, which was to promote the interests of the good temperance cause, working hard in it; always at peace, never having had a wrangle. O how I grieve at losing him, and fear I shall not see his like again! As a man and a Christian I loved him like a brother. He was a man of great ability; on the platform he was a master. His style was chaste, his doctrine sound and strong; he ever spoke as one who felt he had an account to give to God. When he warmed up in his subject, his face shone, and his eyes sparkled: his humour was fine, his pathos grand, and as he moved his audience along the 'Up and Down Lines' you felt that a logician had hold of you. But he is now gone! He seems to have finished his work at noon. The ways of God may appear strange to us, but they are just and right. The agents of the League miss Mr. Booth sadly, and the temperance cause has lost a true worker and an able exponent of its principles; but his name and fame will long live in the homes of temperance men. I cannot describe my feelings when we last prayed together and parted. Oh! his look and whisper. I rejoice to know that his confidence in his Saviour was strong. I truly sympathize with his dear wife and daughter. Who can describe their great loss? But Thou, O Lord, who hast promised to help the widow and the fatherless, be Thou their guide and comforter. My dear old friend has gone to God. But we shall meet again. Peace to his ashes, and honour to his memory!

"Yours truly,

"RICHARD HORNE."

The name of Thomas Whittaker is widely known, and is ranked amongst the earliest and bravest labourers in the temperance field. If some able scribe would

undertake to favour the temperance public with an account of his heroic and useful life, with that also of Edward Grubb, and a few others of their coadjutors, he would confer upon the temperance cause a great boon, and would merit the lasting gratitude of its friends. Such a work could not fail to rekindle the old temperance fire ; and this, blazing forth afresh all over the country, would burn up the " wood, and hay, and stubble " by which the drink-garrison is alone defended. We are not without enthusiasm in our temperance army, but we need more ; more self-denial, more prayer, and more work ; these would be sure to follow if we only had the requisite enthusiastic love for our great and good cause.

Mr. Whittaker, in response to our request, has promptly forwarded the following communication, which we gladly place before the reader :—

" Framlingham, January 20th, 1874.

" DEAR SIR,

" Your note respecting your coming memoir of the late Mr. Booth reached me here ; and I write this letter in what was once the earthly home of one of the most devoted and self-sacrificing workers in the temperance enterprise. It has always been the home, from the earliest days of our movement, for every worker in the cause of God and humanity whose public labours brought him into this locality. Mr. Booth found comfort, rest, and enjoyment in this home. It is a melancholy pleasure to me, in a place of such memories, to bear testimony to the value of the labours of such men as the late Mr. Booth. He has left his work in many parts, and his impress on many minds. He was a genial friend and an earnest worker ; he loved the work and all who joined him in it, and his death and distressing affliction have left a vacuum to be felt, and begot a sympathy that still lives in many hearts. I shall not soon forget visiting him in the hospital, a little while before his death. How the mighty were laid low ! What a shadow of what he once had been ! And yet

when all hope of recovery was gone, not without hope—a hope that bloomed even in death,—bloomed with immortality and eternal life. He was a bright and cheerful man, and this spirit did not leave him even in his affliction; for while we were both much affected at what was then inevitable, an incident occurred which sent a smile through our tears, and flamed a sunbeam across the shadow of death. Mr. Booth believed he had a work to do, and he did it, and his faith in temperance truth never faltered. He was firm as a man, true as steel, and having served his day and generation, fell asleep, and we put him out of sight, but not out of memory. He and all such shall rise again, and come forth with joy, bringing their sheaves with them.

“Yours truly,

THOMAS WHITTAKER.”

CONCLUSION.

There are men for whose memory the world will “sink a coal shaft,” but for J. C. Booth’s memory we would “raise a column.” We sincerely think that young men—and all men—would profit by thoughtfully looking often upon his life-work. We will not deform this sketch by saying (as many do who write biographies) that our friend was not quite perfect. We will leave all that to such as love detraction. It will suffice for us to say that John Clegg Booth was a man who did no dishonour to his race; that he walked and talked, thought and worked, lived and died like a true man—like a genuine Christian, “the highest style of man.”

As an agent of the British Temperance League he knew no religious party, but as a Christian he gave his preference to the Independents. We have a vivid recollection of a sweet service in which we joined with Mr. Booth at the chapel where he worshipped when residing at Matlock. At the close of the sermon that

Sabbath morning we remained to partake of the Lord's Supper. His dear wife and only child were also present. We afterward returned together to their quiet rural home, feeling a hallowed joy in our souls. Nor would we forget Mr. Booth's devout engagements in the exercise of family worship. He never talked much of his religious consciousness, but he always impressed us as a man possessing deep yet cheerful religious experience. We now think of him as one who has passed away from the militant church to the companionship and ceaseless adoration of a holier world. There we hope to meet him again at the "marriage supper of the Lamb."

No Christian or temperance man need be ashamed of his memory. He never brought a scandal either upon religion or temperance. We have had a few men in our ranks whom it may be best to remember no more. Already their portraits are removed from our albums, and their names left without mention in our meetings. We have no execrations for such delinquents, but some pity and much sorrow. There is "one that judgeth." But it is not thus we treat the portrait or name of J. C. Booth. We shall love to gaze upon the one and to speak of the other long after our eyes have lost his gladsome presence, and our ears have ceased to catch the music of his loved voice!

The *Temperance Advocate* of June, 1878, contained a poetic tribute, full of Christian hope and cheerfulness, from the fertile and ever-welcome temperance poet of the West, M. A. Paull, of Plymouth, and with these words our labour of love for the present must cease:—

"LINES ON THE DEATH OF MR. J. C. BOOTH."

"For what is our hope, or joy, or crown of rejoicing? Are not even ye in the presence of our Lord Jesus Christ at his coming?"—*Thessalonians* ii. 19.

"Back to the path of virtue
 From his wretched, drink-cursed life,
 Back to his children's prattle,
 Back to his sorrowing wife,
 You have led the drunkard, brother,
 Whom sin had long cast down,
 And now he comes to give you
 A sparkling, golden crown.
 From the haunts of vice and folly,
 From the purlieus of sin,
 From the ginshop and the beerhouse
 You led the people in
 To where new hopes, new prospects
 Were opened to their view,
 And each guilty one you rescued
 Now holds a crown for you.
 There were drunkards' little children,
 So wan and sad and spare,
 With their dirty, haggard faces,
 With their matted, tangled hair,
 To whom your words brought plenty,
 And peace and kindness, too,
 And each white hand exhibits
 A shining crown for you.
 'Crowns of rejoicing,' brother,
 Fruits of forgotten seeds
 That you sowed 'beside all waters,'
 And sometimes amidst rank weeds,
 Where you thought, no doubt, your labour
 Would all be thrown away;
 But God gave life to the seedlings,
 And the Sower is glad to-day.
 So the heavenly choir is singing,
 And the pearly gates are wide,
 As our brother, crowned, is taken
 Close to the Master's side:
 And each sparkling wreath of beauty,
 Each gold and diamond crown
 He carries to his Saviour,
 And meekly lays them down.

'All that I have is thine, Lord,
Thine be the glory, too,
Not unto us, not unto us,
Are power and honour due.'
'Well done, thou faithful servant,'
In Christ's sweet voice is heard,
'What thou didst unto my children
Thou didst unto thy Lord.'







